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THE ILLINOIS RAILROAD DISASTER—VIEWS OF THE WRECK AND THE BROKEN BRIDGE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. SAWYER, PEORIA.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

1. Side View of the broken Bridge with the end of the forward Sleeper over the Culvert. 2. Rear of the Wreck, looking forward.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *containing an exhaustive and very interesting article on*

THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE,

BY REV R. WHEATLEY, D.D.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

IT is high time for the Republican party to abandon the pretence of being distinctively a civil service reform party. To any one who is familiar with the facts the suggestion that reform will be necessarily promoted by restoring that party to power is wholly unfounded. There may be reasons why such a restoration is desirable, but the certainty of the promotion of reform is not one of them. In the Republican party there are probably more individual friends of reform than there are in the Democratic party, but they have no influence whatever in influencing the party policy. In New York, for instance, the Republican leaders are Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, Mr. HISCOCK, Mr. HUSTED, Mr. IRWIN, Mr. MORTON, Mr. COLE, Mr. SHARPE, and a few other gentlemen. Are any of them, in any reasonable sense of the word, civil service reformers? Are the councils of the party controlled by men who are reformers, or who regard the reform movement as anything but very blanked nonsense? Can anything be more comical than the advice of the organs of such gentlemen to those who are sincerely interested in the subject to vote for the candidates nominated by those gentlemen if they would secure reform? The one man who has done more than any other man in the country to arouse and interest the public mind in the question is the Democratic President, and this fact is not disturbed by his conviction of his inability practically to do more than he has done. It is very foolish to denounce him as an impostor because of a certain disappointment with his course. Nobody ever questioned the sincerity of the interest of President HAYES in reform. But certainly, measured by the standard of the thoroughly reformed service, very little reform was accomplished under his administration. In recent times the question was first agitated in an overwhelmingly Republican Congress by Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, twenty years ago. It was ridiculed and denounced by Mr. LOGAN, and Mr. JENCKES'S bill had as much chance of adoption by that Congress as a proposition to return the rebel flags. At the last moment of the session of 1871, in an amendment to an appropriation bill, and upon the express assurance of Mr. JENCKES to Mr. LOGAN that it conferred no authority upon the President which he did not already possess, the President was authorized to appoint persons to prepare rules. They prepared rules, and President GRANT asked an appropriation to put them in operation. It was granted in deference to him. After two or three years, tired of the absolute want of support by his party, President GRANT said that if Congress adjourned without positive legislation on civil service reform, he would regard such action as a disapproval of the system, and would abandon it. Congress refused the legislation, and GRANT abandoned it.

President HAYES frankly admitted that reform was not supported by the Republican party. The GARFIELD campaign was conducted on behalf of the Republican party, which now calls itself the party of reform, by those eminent reformers Messrs. DORSEY and HUBBELL. In his letter of acceptance, GARFIELD himself gave unmistakable signs of hesitation, and he began his administration by appointing Mr. BLAINE Secretary of State, and by a course in regard to the civil service which was fatal to the hope of reform. President ARTHUR certainly had not been selected as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency because of his devotion to reform, or because of the least pretence of interest in it. In his first Message he argued against the competitive system of election, although he said loyally that he should enforce any reform law that might be passed. During his administration the treatment of the civil service in general was wholly partisan. But when he asked for an appropriation of $25,000 for the examinations which Mr. HAYES had instituted, the Republican House of Representatives sneered at the proposal, and kicked and cuffed every plan of reform. Finally, with jeering contempt, it granted three-fifths of the sum that the President had asked. This was the sole action of the Republican House upon the subject. But the passage of the wasteful river and harbor bill over the veto aroused the country, and almost overthrew the Republican party. Congress, upon reassembling, conscious that something must be done to conciliate public sentiment, in desperate haste, and with virtual unanimity in both parties, passed the reform bill, which was signed on the 16th of January, 1883, and within its range it was enforced by President ARTHUR. Meanwhile New York, with a Democratic Legislature and Democratic Governor, Mr. CLEVELAND, passed the first State reform bill, followed by Republican Massachusetts. Governor CLEVELAND'S honest cooperation established the reformed system in the State and in the cities. His known views upon the subject made him an acceptable candidate for the Presidency to many Republicans who would not vote for Mr. BLAINE, not because Mr. BLAINE was not a civil service reformer, but because in their opinion he had trafficked in a public trust for his private advantage. No Republican State but Massachusetts has passed a reform bill, and no Democratic State but New York. In Massachusetts, the Republicans have just attempted to destroy the efficiency of the law by the veteran exemption bill. In New York, Republican leaders have countenanced the weakening of the law under the same pretence. In Ohio, the Republicans have not pretended until this year really to favor reform, and now they declare that minor appointments should be free from partisan control; although, if they are still subject to that control, it is because the Republican party while it has been in power has not chosen to prevent it. The National Republican Convention of 1884 made a satisfactory declaration upon the subject of reform, and then proceeded to illustrate its sincerity by nominating Mr. BLAINE, who as Speaker of the House had done what he could in the appointment of a committee to strangle reform. There are certain eminent Republicans, like Senators HOAR, of Massachusetts, and HAWLEY, of Connecticut, as there are certain eminent Democrats, like the President and Mayor HEWITT and Secretary FAIRCHILD, who hold reform sentiments. But in his speech to the Massachusetts Convention a year or two ago Senator HOAR treated the question as comparatively unimportant, and Governor AMES promptly signed the veteran exemption bill, hoping that it would not do a great deal of harm.

This is the Republican record of civil service reform. Undoubtedly under Republican auspices a beginning was made, and the good results in certain large offices was a strong argument for the passage of the law of 1883. Something unquestionably was done under Republican Presidents. But notwithstanding the failure of this Administration to conform to the standard of general and consistent reform, which the Republicans never attempted, much also has been done under a Democratic President. What act of the kind in the administrations of GRANT, HAYES, or ARTHUR is comparable with the reappointment of the Postmaster of New York? There is no more unfounded pretence than that the Republican party is distinctively a reform party, or that reform would be necessarily promoted by replacing Mr. CLEVELAND with a Republican successor. This, indeed, is a consideration which has no pertinence in a judgment of the conduct of the Administration as tested by the strict requirements of reform, and therefore it was not mentioned by the National Reform League at its recent meeting. But it has great pertinence to the probable action of reformers at the polls. If the President has not done all that friends of reform had anticipated, he has yet done enough to incite cordial hostility in his party; and it is what he has done well, not what he has failed to do, which makes him, against much Democratic opposition, the inevitable Democratic candidate. It is that which makes him very much stronger than his party, and by so much greater is his power to mould its policy. There is no Republican candidate of whom this can be said. Reform thus far has been gained, not by the initiation of party, but by the pressure of independent public opinion upon party. Neither of the parties as at present constituted is a party of reform, but under both of them reform has been advanced. If they should cease to be organized upon patronage, they would certainly cease to be the existing parties.

IMMIGRATION.

THE recent case of the young Swedish woman at Castle Garden, for whom Secretary FAIRCHILD wisely and humanely interposed, has revealed the wholly unsatisfactory condition of the laws in regard to immigration. There was a conflict of authority, and a consequent wrong to the woman, to say no more, for which it ought not to be longer possible to plead any doubt or construction of the law. The whole important subject of immigration should be carefully revised. The question of restriction, indeed, has arrested public attention, and there has been some ill-considered legislation. But upon this subject legislation should be fully matured. Such maturing is the work of experts, and it is fortunate that such a body of persons exists in the various charity organization societies and similar associations. They are persons who have given much thought, based upon wide information, to the subject of immigration, and they are among the most competent counsellors of Congress in regard to the scope and character of laws regulating immigration. We learn from the Monthly Register of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity that a joint committee was appointed last year to confer with the various associations in the country. Of seventeen societies in various States, twelve favor restrictive legislation, and five either postponed or opposed further action. The defects of the present legislation are largely due to ignorance and haste, and to the desire of partisan advantage.

Mr. ARTHUR BECKWITH, an active and efficient member of the New York society, furnishes a valuable and interesting summary of the views of the associations. The Chicago society holds that unrestricted immigration lies at the root of labor troubles in the country. The Terre Haute society favors wholesome restriction. The Kansas City society finds thirty per cent. of its cases are of foreign extraction, and regards unrestricted immigration as a national evil. The president of the Harrisburg society does not doubt that it would favor strict legislation. The District of Columbia society, through its secretary, desires immediate action. Poughkeepsie will co-operate; Syracuse acknowledges the evil; Sandusky favors a check. Other societies recommend longer probation for naturalization, and hold that for the present immigration should be discouraged, in order to assimilate that which is already here. These expressions speak undoubtedly a very general sentiment. It is not so much the labor movements and demands as the presence and quality of a foreign element which they disclose, an element foreign to the whole genius of American institutions, to American traditions, convictions, character, and liberty, which is significant. The talk of meetings in New York and Chicago, the nature of propositions made upon American soil by foreigners to foreigners, all show the necessity of complete consideration of the whole subject, and such legislation as may best promote American welfare.

There have been several bills offered in Congress and there are laws already passed which are very confused and doubtful. In any proper legislation one point is indispensable. There should be a strict, constant, and responsible supervision of immigration. This is a duty which should not be committed to officers already overworked, and who will necessarily neglect the execution of the law. Immigration is essentially a national matter, and its supervision should be national. This is the object, among others, of the bill introduced into the House last winter by Mr. MULLER, and which has been laid before various charitable associations for consideration. They will report to the New York society before the meeting of Congress. This bill lays a tax of fifty cents upon every immigrant, to constitute an immigration fund to pay the expenses of regulating immigration under the act. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the execution of the law, "and with the supervision over the business of immigration to the United States." He is to appoint three Commissioners of Immigration in New York, and one Commissioner in each of the nine other chief ports of entry. The Commissioners, under the Secretary, are to ascertain carefully in every case the condition and responsibility of the immigrant, taking action for relief or return under the law. The law requires every immigrant to show his ability to care for himself without becoming a public charge, and excludes immigrants under contract of labor, except certain persons, including skilled workmen for labor in which skilled workmen cannot be otherwise obtained. Detailed methods and penalties are also mentioned in the bill which is under consideration by the societies. The action of the Ohio Republican Convention, although confused and blundering, shows the movement of the public mind upon the subject, and the rapidly growing desire for efficient legislation.

A MEDIÆVAL LAW.

IN our late remarks upon the Atlanta University, and the law aimed at it which prohibits under severe penalties the education together of white and colored pupils—a law worthy of the Dark Ages—we did not state that the proposed GLENN bill applies to all private as well as public schools, academies, and colleges in the State. Atlanta University itself is a private institution, founded by money derived from the Freedman's Bureau and from the American Missionary Association and from benevolent individuals, with the express understanding that its doors should be open to all, without regard to color, race, or previous condition. Its charter does not restrict it to

the education of any particular race, and during the eighteen years of its existence it has been a colored school only because colored students came and white students did not come. No effort has been made by the University to receive or to reject pupils on account of color. But being practically, for the reason mentioned, and for no other reason, a colored school, it has received from the State, for ten or twelve years, eight thousand dollars a year, by a law entitled "an act equitably to adjust the claims of the colored people to a portion of the agricultural land scrip." This money, amounting to about seventeen thousand dollars a year, is derived from the general government, and it is devoted wholly to the State University at Athens, where no colored pupils are admitted. The appropriation to Atlanta University is made to rectify this injustice.

This year the State Board of Visitors ascertained that there were in the University six children of white professors, and one child of the white pastor of the colored church of the American Missionary Association. These pupils were there in strict accordance both with the charter of the school and the purposes and understanding with which it was founded. The fact of their presence was reported by the Board of Visitors to the Governor, as a "misappropriation of funds," and as an attempt to break down the "settled policy of the State" as to the coeducation of the races. The Governor in his Message called the attention of the Legislature to the subject, and the result is the GLENN bill. As we have said, the general sentiment of all citizens of the State, both colored and white, probably favors separate public schools. This separation, indeed, is required by the Constitution of the State, and a teacher who failed to comply with the regulation would lose his place. No GLENN bill was needed to maintain this separation in the public schools. But the bill is designed to prevent the coeducation of the races in *private* schools like Atlanta University and other schools which are maintained by money and teachers chiefly from Northern States. It is intended to prevent parents, in the circumstances described, from sending their children to private schools which they may think best for them.

It is surprising that a man like Governor GORDON, who has shown such enlightened intelligence in many ways, should apparently give the weight of his name to so plain an invasion of chartered and private rights, and so signal a reaction toward the undemocratic and inhuman and unjust spirit and methods of the worst historical periods. The Legislature of Georgia, if it should think fit, may withhold the annual appropriation to the Atlanta University, upon the ground that the presence of seven white pupils among four hundred and thirteen shows a perversion of funds intended for the benefit of colored pupils, when the University secures several times eight thousand dollars from other sources for their benefit. But all intelligent and right-minded men and women in the State and in the Union ought to protest against further action than this deprivation. To imprison at hard labor, with ball and chain, a teacher in a private school, for doing what its foundation contemplates and what its charter permits, would be an act worthy of the folly of the sixteenth century. While the State of Georgia is proposing to pass one of the worst of race laws, Alabama has just established a colored university by funds from the State Treasury, and the Montgomery *Advertiser* states that while it is intended especially for colored children, the race line will not be rigidly drawn. Thus while Alabama founds a higher colored school with its own money on this fair and liberal basis, Georgia, accepting money and teachers from other States, is proposing to punish a white teacher for instructing his own child with his colored comrades. It is certainly not strange that eminent Democrats in the Northern States have urgently denounced the GLENN bill, and have represented to the Georgia Democrats who control the Legislature the political stupidity as well as the gross wrong of such a law. There could be no stronger argument for a national system of education than the demonstration of such a spirit in the State management of instruction as that which inspires the GLENN bill in Georgia. The bill has passed the House. It may pass the Senate by the time this paper is issued. Should it be approved by the Governor, it would be a very serious check to the kindly and generous feeling which is now rapidly growing up in the country, and which is one of the happiest signs of the times.

THE "VOLUNTEER."

THERE has been no finer yacht race than that at Newport for the GOELET cup. The day was brilliant, the breeze was steady and strong, and almost the whole course was visible from the shore. The procession of craft of every kind, from the harbor to the starting-point on the open sea just beyond Beaver Tail, was very striking. There were hundreds of sails flashing in the sun, and at the hour of the start, when the gun was fired, the yachts, which had been standing off and on, a promiscuous and unordered group, suddenly turned into line, and advanced in what seemed at a little distance a long, even, and glittering platoon.

The three or four great sloops towered over the fleet. The wind was not too strong to permit a full spread of canvas, and in half an hour the chiefs were leading and contesting the advance. The sea was covered with a throng of sailing and steam vessels, and the shores and cliffs were dotted everywhere with spectators. The wind held, and gradually the fleet passed farther and fainter to the southeast. Toward three o'clock the shore beyond Bateman's and Castle Hill and every favorable point of view were again thronged. The stake-boat was plainly visible, surrounded by a mass of vessels of every kind, and a single tower of sail far in advance of the fleet was sweeping swiftly toward it. The wise and practised eyes among the spectators were satisfied that it was the *Volunteer*, and amid the flash and smoke and roar of cannon and the ringing of bells and the shrill steam-whistles she passed triumphantly over the line, and the day was won.

It was a famous victory. For Mr. BURGESS, and Mr. PAINE, who is not merely the owner, but a sailor from his boyhood, and whose sagacity is of the utmost service in aid of Mr. BURGESS, it was a very remarkable victory. Such is the patriotic magnanimity of true yachtsmen that even the partisans of the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower* rejoiced sincerely in the success of the *Volunteer*, as the harbinger of victory in the great international contest. Mr. BURGESS has already the unequalled honor of having built the vessels which in two years successively maintained against gallant contestants the fame of the American yacht. If he should now have built the third vessel to achieve in a third year a similar victory, it will give him a unique fame in the history of yachting. In any event, as we understand, the victory will remain in the highest sense with America, for we are told that the *Thistle* is built upon the American model which has so amply vindicated its superiority.

PENSIONS IN POLITICS.

THE Providence *Journal*, an able and practically independent paper in a State which has suffered greatly from the want of proper political independence, says that the Republican party is in great danger of practically bidding for votes by the offer of general pensions. This is a point which deserves careful consideration. The people have been very considerate of the veterans of the war. Americans are not ungrateful or niggardly. Every year an enormous sum is paid in pensions, and every reasonable claim is entertained in the most friendly spirit, and it is because the President shows in his messages the reasonability of his vetoes that the cry against him as an enemy of the veterans fails completely.

The country undoubtedly holds that the fair limit of generous pensions is nearly reached. It understands perfectly well that the clamor for a vast and constant increase of pensions comes, not from veterans themselves, who are generally patriotic and intelligent, but from interested pension agents, from political demagogues, and from those who wish to maintain a tariff tax wholly beyond the just requirements of the government. The whole demand for an ever-increasing pension appropriation is covered with suspicion, although it urges the plausible plea of gratitude to the soldiers of the Union.

The party that identifies itself with this demand will not for that reason commend itself to public sympathy and support. Its object is to win the veteran vote. But already it has a very large part of that vote, and in the intrigue it risks the loss of a very large vote which holds that the pension money is to be used as a bribery fund. The politicians have always a very contemptible opinion of the people. But the people, in the light of the constant discussion of this subject, acquire a very just opinion of the politicians, and vote accordingly.

BY-ELECTIONS.

THE by-elections in England continue to demonstrate a strong sympathy with the GLADSTONE view. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN offers some ingenious anti-Gladstonian interpretation of the Liberal successes. But in the present situation in England their essential significance is unmistakable. They mean that the project of home rule in Ireland is becoming more acceptable to English opinion. It is not clear what modifications in his original scheme, if any, Mr. GLADSTONE concedes. But in England undoubtedly, as in this country, the scheme is judged, not by its details, but by its general purpose. In this country, indeed, the details are very little understood. It is the project of home rule as we understand it in the United States which is approved by American opinion.

A great deal of contemptuous fun was made of the American GLADSTONE testimonial, and certainly the circumstances under which it was secured were not very imposing. But that kind of testimonial is in no sense a characteristic American expression of public sympathy. The number and the names of subscribers to such a memorial are no standard whatever by which to measure American feeling. Any English observer who cared to investigate the fact would find that the press in this country almost unanimously favors what it holds to be the general view and policy of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the press fairly represents the general American opinion.

This opinion condemns equally with English opinion the crimes of dynamiters and the servilities of demagogues. It believes that the policy which has not been tried in Ireland is the wise policy, and that there will be always disturbance until it is tried. This opinion, however, does not share the peculiar animosity of the Irish feeling toward England, nor the natural warmth of the Irish estimation of Ireland. American politicians in bidding for the Irish vote may prove that they have kissed the Blarney stone. But they speak only for themselves, not for the country.

SIGNS AND PROSPECTS.

THE proceedings of the Virginia Convention furnish another illustration of the disintegration which is going on in the parties. A Democratic demand for the repeal of the internal revenue taxes in order to maintain tariff protection is the adoption of one of the chief Republican measures, while Senator DANIELS's hearty denunciation of the course with which the President is popularly identified reveals the profound difference of view upon an important public question between a Democratic Senator and the head of his party.

Democratic opposition to reform is much more plainly expressed this year than ever before. The Conventions of Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland, and Virginia have left no doubt of the extreme distaste of Bourbon Democratic managers for reform, and if the friendliness of reformers for Mr. CLEVELAND depended upon the loyalty of his party to reform, it would be sorely tried by the party action. Elsewhere in these columns we have shown the Republican record upon the subject, and with that of the Democrats it constitutes a situation which seems to indicate that the vote of those who are sincerely interested will be determined next year, not by parties, but by persons.

It is true that this is a government of parties, not of persons. But when there is a public question on which there is no party division, and which seems to the voter to be of very great importance, he will vote according to his confidence in the probable course of the Executive. Mr. CLEVELAND has done nothing in the way of change that a Republican President would not probably do, while he has refused to do much which many a Republican would probably do. Certainly, for instance, no reformer could have any excuse for voting for Mr. BLAINE as against Mr. CLEVELAND upon the theory that the Republican party is the reform party. Meanwhile the tone and action of the party Conventions show how strong the independent feeling and vote are felt to be. This independence is increased by the fact that thus far the Republican appeal has been solely to old passions and traditions, while Republican action is generally destitute of any impulse of progress.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT sent for Mr. JULIUS CHAMBERS, the managing editor of the *Herald*, to come to Paris to organize his new purchase, *Galignani's Messenger*, upon an entirely American plan. When he gets it in running order he will return to New York, and Mr. BENNETT will personally conduct *Galignani's*. To have a daily newspaper in Paris has long been Mr. BENNETT's ambition, and now that it is accomplished, Americans in Europe will probably have a Paris edition of the New York *Herald* served with their coffee and rolls.

—Mr. HERBERT H. GILCHRIST, son of the author of the *Life of Blake*, is now in this country, and has recently made a life-size portrait of WALT WHITMAN, doing the painting in the little study in Mr. WHITMAN's Camden home. At the same time a bust of the poet was being made by Mr. SYDNEY E. MORSE, so that art is doing quite as much as the newspaper press to spread the fame of the "good gray poet."

—The late ELISHA A. WELSH, the original "Yankee clock man," accumulated in the clock-making business a fortune estimated at $3,000,000. He made millions of clocks, yet it is stated that he could not keep the one in his own house wound up the year round.

—General NEAL DOW, the originator of the "Maine Liquor Law," is eighty-four years old, and his hair is as white as snow; he is in vigorous health, and is more active than most men at fifty. He devotes his entire time to the study of politics and the advancement of the cause of temperance. He has collected a library of statistics and newspaper clippings on the liquor question, and from his voluminous scrap-books and memoranda supplies the friends of prohibition in all parts of the country with weapons of war to be used against the liquor-dealers.

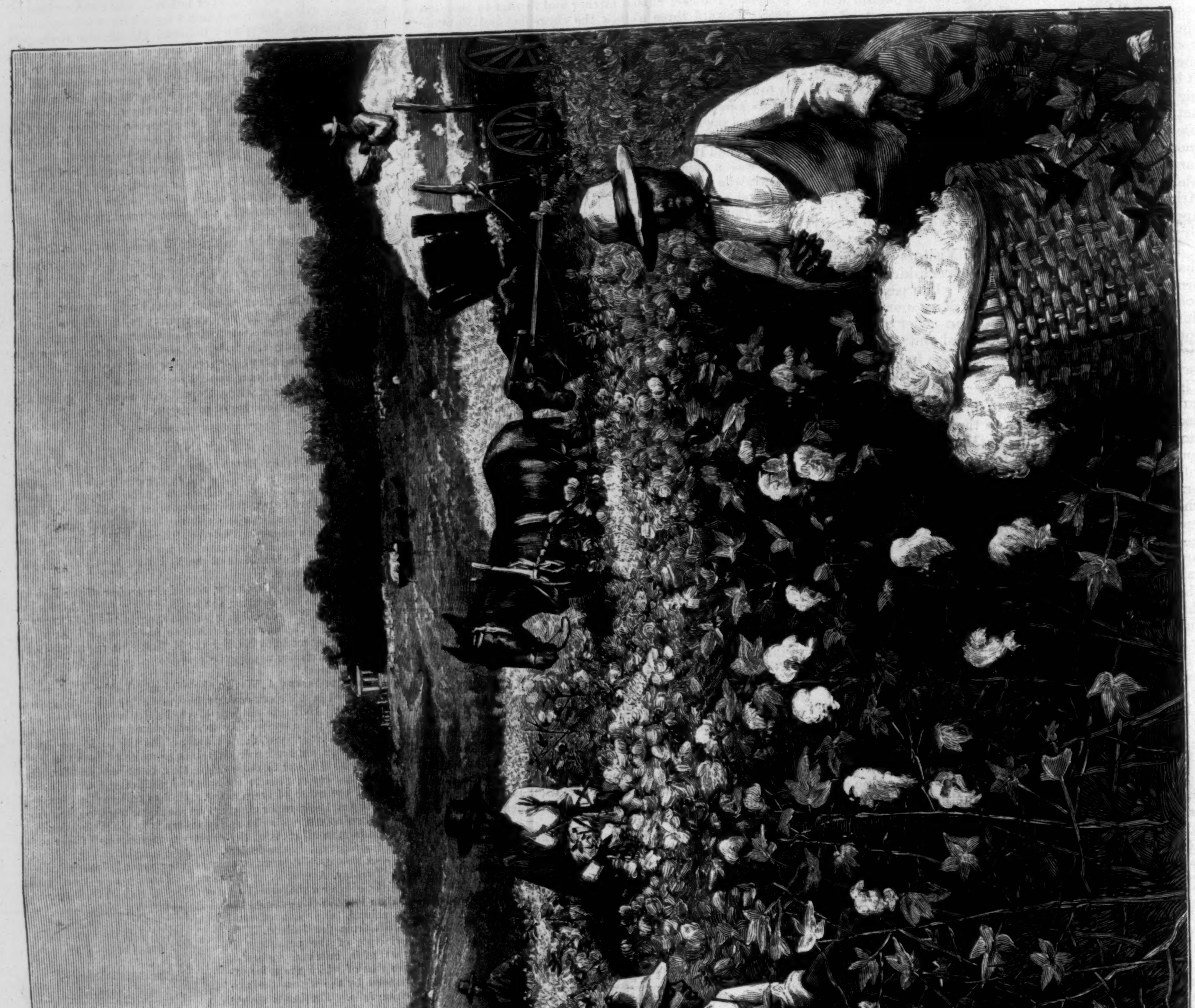
—A successful descent in a parachute was made from a balloon on Tuesday, August 9, at Rockaway. The aeronaut rose to the height of over a thousand feet, and when he had attained this elevation left the car, grasped the parachute, and cut himself adrift from the balloon. The principle of the parachute is that of a common umbrella, the ribs of which are to be expanded by the air as the machine falls. The first moments are therefore the most dangerous; for if the umbrella-like ribs of the parachute do not open at once, the whole apparatus descends like the stick of a rocket. This was the fate of the early experimenters; but Mr. BALDWIN, the hero of this latest drop, has made three successful descents. The time of descent was one minute and twenty-four seconds. To the spectators below a white cloud seemed to fall from the balloon. For a distance of seventy-five feet the parachute gave no signs of expanding, and there was every fear that another death would be added to the roll of those who have made this perilous experiment. Then the umbrella-like mass spread, and hung like a huge white dome over the aeronaut's head. The descent then was circling, with a slight rocking and swaying motion from side to side, till solid ground was reached.

—Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's novels are furnishing the enterprising dramatists with a large store of material. *She* has already been produced in San Francisco with success, and *King Solomon's Mines* and *Allan Quatermain* are to follow. Mr. HAGGARD will be interested in these dramatizations, if only to see how much money he might make out of his plays if there was such a thing as an international copyright.

—Dr. CYRUS EDSON says that the best and most wholesome summer drink is cold water; it should be freely used, and should be cooled by keeping it on ice, and not by putting ice into it. A few bottles placed in the refrigerator every morning would be sufficient to supply the family during the day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY and JULIAN HAWTHORNE are fine specimens of athletic manhood, and are very unlike in appearance to the popular idea of "littery fellers." When Mr. O'REILLY and Dr. GUITERAS took their canoeing trips they carried their boxing-gloves with them, and on stopping at places where mill hands or other workmen had a taste for such sport, they gave them a touch of their skill, which often astonished the brawny sons of toil, who expected to gain an easy victory, and instead found themselves floored by the brain-workers from the city.

—General SHERMAN is in as great demand for yachting parties as he is for dinners or theatrical "first nights." He is as good a sailor as he is a soldier, and can spin yarns equal to the oldest salt. A gentleman who sailed with him on a recent trip says that his powers of conversational entertainment are greater than those of any man he ever met or knew. His memory has been wonderfully retentive. He has been everywhere and seen everything. He is never at a loss for a word. He never uses too many words, and has at his tongue's end the scientific account of everything from a tidal wave to a cambric needle.



IN A COTTON FIELD.—Drawn by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 595.]

COUSIN MARIA.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

By HENRY JAMES.

IV.

"You must come to us on the 17th; we expect to have a few people and some good music," Cousin Maria said to him before he quitted the house, and he wondered whether, the 17th being still ten days off, this might not be an intimation that they could abstain from his society until then. He chose, at any rate, not to take it as such, and called several times in the interval, late in the afternoon, when the ladies would be sure to have come in.

They were always there, and Cousin Maria's welcome was, for each occasion, maternal, though when he took leave she made no allusion to future meetings—to his coming again; but there were always other visitors as well, collected at tea, round the great fire of logs, in the friendly, brilliant drawing-room, where the luxurious was no enemy to the casual, and Mrs. Temperly's manner of dispensing hospitality recalled to our young man, somehow, certain memories of his youthful time: visits in New England, at old homesteads flanked with elms, where a talkative, democratic, delightful farmer's wife pressed upon her company rustic viands in which she herself had had a hand. Cousin Maria enjoyed the services of a distinguished *chef*, and delicious *petits fours* were served with her tea; but Raymond had a sense that to complete the impression, hot home-made gingerbread should have been produced.

The atmosphere was suffused with the presence of Madame de Brives. She was either there, or she was just coming, or she was just gone; her name, her voice, her example and encouragement, were in the air. Other ladies came and went—sometimes accompanied by gentlemen who looked worn out, had waxed mustaches, and knew how to talk—and they were sometimes designated in the same manner as Madame de Brives, but she remained the Marquise *par excellence*, the incarnation of brilliancy and renown. The conversation moved among simple but civilized topics, was not dull, and considering that it consisted largely of personalities, was not ill-natured. Least of all was it scandalous, for the girls were always there, Cousin Maria not having thought it in the least necessary, in order to put herself in accord with French traditions, to relegate her daughters to the middle distance. They occupied a considerable part of the foreground, in the prettiest, most modest, most becoming attitudes. It was Cousin Maria's theory of her own behavior that she did in Paris simply as she had always done; and though this would not have been a complete account of the matter, Raymond could not fail to notice the good sense and good taste with which she laid down her lines, and the quiet *bonhomie* of the authority with which she caused the tone of the American home to be respected. Scandal staid outside, not simply because Effie and Tishy were there, but because, even if Cousin Maria had received alone, she never would have received evil-speakers. Indeed, for Raymond, who had been accustomed to think that in a general way he knew pretty well what the French capital was, this was a strange, fresh Paris altogether, destitute of the salt that seasoned it for most palates, and yet not insipid nor innutritive. He marvelled at Cousin Maria's air, in such a city, of knowing, of recognizing nothing bad, all the more that it represented an actual state of mind. He used to wonder sometimes what she would do and how she would feel if some day, in consequence of researches made by the Marquise in the *grand monde*, she should find herself in possession of a son-in-law of one of the types of which *he* had impressions. However, it was not credible that Madame de Brives would play her a trick. There were moments when Raymond almost wished she might—to see how Cousin Maria would handle the gentleman.

Dora was almost always taken up by visitors, and he had scarcely any direct conversation with her. She was there, and he was glad

she was there, and she knew he was glad (he knew that), but this was almost all the communion he had with her. She was mild, exquisitely mild—this was the term he mentally applied to her now—and it amply sufficed him, with the conviction he had that she was not stupid. She attended to the tea (for Mademoiselle Bourde was not always there), she handed the *petits fours*, she rang the bell when people went out; and it was in connection with these offices that the idea came to him once—he was rather ashamed of it afterward—that she was the Cinderella of the house, the domestic drudge, the one for whom there was no career, as it was useless for the Marquise to take up her case. He was ashamed of this fancy, I say, and yet it came back to him; he was even surprised that it had not occurred to him before. Her sisters were neither ugly nor proud (Tishy, indeed, was almost touchingly delicate and timid, with exceedingly pretty points, yet with a little appealing, old-womanish look, as if, small—very small—as she was, she was afraid she shouldn't grow any more); but her mother, like the mother in the fairy tale, was a *femme forte*. Madame de Brives could do nothing for Dora, not absolutely because she was too plain, but because she wouldn't lend herself, and that came to the same thing. Her mother accepted her as recalcitrant, but Cousin Maria's attitude, at the best, could only be resignation. She would respect her child's preferences, she would never put on the screw, but this wouldn't make her love the child any more. So Raymond interpreted certain signs, which at the same time he felt to be very slight, while the conversation in Mrs. Temperly's salon (this was its preponderant tendency) rambled among questions of bric-à-brac, of where Tishy's portrait should be placed when it was finished, and the current prices of old Gobelins. *Ces dames* were not in the least above the discussion of prices.

On the 17th it was easy to see that more lamps than usual had been lighted. They streamed through all the windows of the charming hôtel, and mingled with the radiance of the carriage lanterns, which followed each other slowly, in couples, in a close, long rank, into the fine sonorous court, where the high stepping of valuable horses was sharp on the stones, and up to the ruddy portico. The night was wet, not with a downpour, but with showers interspaced by starry patches, which only added to the glitter of the handsome, clean Parisian surfaces. The *sergents de ville* were about the place, and seemed to make the occasion important and official. These night aspects of Paris in the *beaux quartiers* had always for Raymond a particularly festive association, and as he passed from his cab under the wide permanent tin canopy, painted in stripes like an awning, which protected the low steps, it seemed to him odder than ever that all this established prosperity should be Cousin Maria's.

If the thought of how well she did it bore him company from the threshold, it deepened to admiration by the time he had been half an hour in the place. She stood near the entrance, with her two elder daughters, distributing the most familiar, most encouraging smiles, together with hand-shakes which were in themselves a whole system of hospitality. If her party was grand, Cousin Maria was not; she indulged in no assumption of stateliness, and no attempt at graduated welcomes. It seemed to Raymond that it was only because it would have taken too much time that she didn't kiss every one. Effie looked lovely, and just a little frightened, which was exactly what she ought to have done, and he noticed that among the arriving guests those who were not intimate (which he couldn't tell from Mrs. Temperly's manner, but could from their own) recognized her as a daughter much more quickly than they recognized Dora, who hung back disinterestedly, as if not to challenge their discernment, while the current passed her, keeping her little sister in position on its brink meanwhile by the tenderest small movement. "May I talk with you a little, later?" he asked of Dora, with only a few seconds for the question, as people were pressing behind him. She answered, evasively, that there would be very little talk—they would all have to listen—it was very serious; and the next moment he had received a programme from the hand of a monumental yet gracious personage who stood beyond, and who had a silver chain round his neck.

The place was arranged for music, and how well arranged he saw later, when every one was seated, spaciously, luxuriously, without pushing or overpeeping, and the finest talents in Paris performed selections at which the best taste had presided. The singers and players were all stars of the first magnitude. Raymond was fond of music, and he wondered whose taste it had been. He made up his mind it was Dora's—it was only she who could have conceived a combination so exquisite; and he said to himself: "How they all pull together! She is not in it, she is not of it, and yet she too works for the common end." And by "all" he meant also Mademoiselle Bourde and the Marquise. This impression made him feel rather hopeless, as if, *en fin de compte*, Cousin Maria were too large an adversary. Great as was the pleasure of being present on an occasion so admirably organized, of sitting there in a beautiful room, in a still, attentive, brilliant company, with all the questions of temperature, space, light, and decoration solved to the gratification of every individual, and listening to the best artists doing their best—happily constituted as our young man was to enjoy such a sensation as this, the total effect was depressing; it made him feel as if the gods were not on his side. "And does she do it so well without a man? There must be so many details a woman can't tackle," he said to himself; for even counting in the Marquise and Mademoiselle Bourde, this only made a multiplication of petticoats. Then it came over him that she *was* a man as well as a woman—the masculine element was included in her nature. He was sure that she bought her horses without being cheated, and very few men could do that. She had the American national quality—she had "faculty" in a supreme degree. "Faculty—faculty," the voices of the quartette of singers seemed to repeat, in the quick movement of a composition they rendered beautifully, while they swelled and went faster, till the thing became a joyous chant of praise of Cousin Maria's practical genius.

During the intermission, in the middle of the concert, people changed places more or less, and circulated, so that, walking about at this time, he came upon the Marquise, who, in her sympathetic, demonstrative way, appeared to be on the point of clasping her hostess in her arms. "Décidement, ma bonne, il n'y a que vous! C'est une perfection, . . ." he heard her say. To which, gratified but unelated, Cousin Maria replied, according to her simple, sociable wont: "Well, it *does* seem quite a successful occasion. If it will only keep on to the end!" Raymond, wandering about, found himself in a world that was mainly quite new to him, and explained his ignorance of it by reflecting that the people were probably celebrated, so many of them had decorations and stars, and a quiet of manner that could only be accounted for by renown. There were plenty of Americans with no badge, but a certain fine negativeness, and *they* were quiet for a reason which by this time had become very familiar to Raymond: he had heard it so often mentioned that his country people were supremely "adaptable." He tried to get hold of Dora, but he saw that her mother had arranged things beautifully to keep her occupied with other people; so at least he interpreted the fact—after all very natural—that she had half a dozen fluttered young girls on her mind, whom she was providing with programmes, seats, ices, occasional murmured remarks, and general support and protection. When the concert was over she supplied them with further entertainment in the form of several young men, who had pliable backs and flashing breastpins, and whom she inarticulately introduced to them, which gave her still more to do, as after this serious step she had to stay and watch all parties. It was strange to Raymond to see her transformed by her mother into a premature duenna. Him she introduced to no young girl, and he knew not whether to regard this as cold neglect or high consideration. If he had liked, he might have taken it as a sweet intimation that she knew he couldn't care for any girl but her.

On the whole he was glad, because it left him free—free to get hold of her mother, which by this time he had boldly determined to do. The conception was lofty, because Cousin Maria's attention was obviously required by the ambassadors and other grandees who had flocked to do her homage. Nevertheless, while supper was going on (he wanted none, and neither, apparently, did she), he collared her, as he phrased it to himself, in just the right place—on the threshold of the conservatory. She was flanked on either side with a foreigner of distinction, but he didn't care for her foreigners now. Besides, a conservatory was meant only for couples; it was a sign of her comprehensive sociability that she should have been wandering among the palms and orchids with a double escort. Doubtless each wished to quit her, but didn't wish to appear to give way to the other; and Raymond felt that he was relieving them both (though he didn't care) when he asked her to be so good as to give him, apart, a few minutes' conversation. He made her go back with him into the conservatory: it was the only thing he had ever made her do, or probably ever would. She began to talk about the great Gregorini—how it had been too sweet of her to repeat one of her songs, when it had really been understood in advance that repetitions were not expected. Raymond had no interest at present in the great Gregorini. He asked Cousin Maria, vehemently, if she remembered telling him in New York—that night at the hotel, five years before—that when he should have followed them to Paris he would be free to address her on the subject of Dora. She had given him a promise that she would listen to him in this case, and now he must keep her up to the mark. It was impossible to see her alone, but, at whatever inconvenience to herself, he must insist on her giving him his opportunity.

"About Dora, Cousin Raymond?" she asked, blandly and kindly—almost as if she didn't exactly know who Dora was.

"Surely you haven't forgotten what passed between us the evening before you left America. I was in love with her then, and I have been in love with her ever since. I told you so then, and you stopped me off, but you gave me leave to make another appeal to you the in future. I make it now—this is the only way I have—and I think you ought to listen to it. Five years have passed, and I love her more than ever. I have behaved like a saint in the interval: I haven't attempted to practise upon her without your knowledge."

"I am so glad; but she would have let me know," said Cousin Maria, looking round the conservatory to see if the plants were all there.

"No doubt. I don't know what you do to her. But I trust that to-day your opposition falls—in face of the proof that we have given you of mutual fidelity."

"Fidelity?" Cousin Maria repeated, smiling.

"Surely—unless you mean to imply that Dora has given me up. I have reason to believe that she hasn't."

"I think she will like better to remain just as she is."

"Just as she is?"

"I mean, not to make a choice," Cousin Maria went on, smiling.

Raymond hesitated a moment. "Do you mean that you have tried to make her make one?"

At this the good lady broke into a laugh. "My dear Raymond, how little you must think I know my child!"

"Perhaps, if you haven't tried to make her, you have tried to prevent her. Haven't you told her I am unsuccessful, I am poor?"

She stopped him, laying her hand with unaffected solicitude on his arm. "*Are* you poor, my dear? I should be so sorry!"

"Never mind; I can support a wife," said the young man.

"It wouldn't matter, because I am happy to say that Dora has something of her own," Cousin Maria went on, with her imperturbable candor. "Her father thought that was the best way to arrange it. I had quite forgotten my opposition, as you call it; that was so long ago. Why, she was only a little girl. Wasn't that the ground I took? Well, dear, she's older now, and you can say anything to her you like. But I do think she wants to stay—" And she looked up at him, cheerily.

"Wants to stay?"

"With Effie and Tishy."

"Ah, Cousin Maria," the young man exclaimed, "you are modest about yourself!"

"Well, we are all together. Now is that all? I *must* see if there is enough champagne. Certainly—you can say to her what you like. But twenty years hence she will be just as she is to-day; that's how I see her."

"Lord, what is it you do to her?" Raymond groaned, as he accompanied his hostess back to the crowded rooms.

He knew exactly what she would have replied if she had been a French woman; she would have said to him, triumphantly, overwhelmingly: "Que voulez-vous? Elle adore sa mère!" She was, however, only a Californian, unacquainted with the language of epigram, and her answer consisted simply of the words: "I am sorry you have ideas that make you unhappy. I guess you are the only person here who hasn't enjoyed himself to-night."

Raymond repeated to himself, gloomily, for the rest of the evening, "Elle adore sa mère—elle adore sa mère!" He remained very late, and when but twenty people were left, and he had observed that the Marquise, passing her hand into Mrs. Temperly's arm, led her aside as if for some important confabulation (some new light, doubtless, on what might be hoped for Effie), he persuaded Dora to let the rest of the guests depart in peace (apparently her mother had told her to look out for them to the very last), and come with him into some quiet corner. They found an empty sofa in the outlasting lamp-light, and there the girl sat down with him. Evidently she knew what he was going to say, or rather she thought she did; for in fact, after a little, after he had told her that he had spoken to her mother, and she had told him he might speak to *her*, he said things that she couldn't very well have expected.

"Is it true that you wish to remain with Effie and Tishy? That's what your mother calls it when she means that you will give me up."

"How can I give you up?" the girl demanded. "Why can't we go on being friends, as I asked you the evening you dined here?"

"What do you mean by friends?"

"Well, not making everything impossible."

"You didn't think anything impossible of old," Raymond rejoined, bitterly. "I thought you liked me then, and I have even thought so since."

"I like you more than I like any one. I like you so much that it's my principal happiness."

"Then why are there impossibilities?"

"Oh, some day I'll tell you!" said Dora, with a quick sigh. "Perhaps after Tishy is married. And meanwhile, are you not going to remain in Paris, at any rate? Isn't your work here? You are not here for me only. You can come to the house often. That's what I mean by our being friends."

Her companion sat looking at her with a gloomy stare, as if he were trying to make up the deficiencies in her logic.

"After Tishy is married? I don't see what that has to do with it. Tishy is little more than a baby; she may not be married for ten years."

"That is very true."

"And you dispose of the interval by a simple 'meanwhile'? My dear Dora, your talk is strange," Raymond continued, with his voice passionately lowered. "And I may come to the house—often? How often do you mean—in ten years? Five times—or even twenty?" He saw that her eyes were filling with tears, but he went on: "It has been coming over me little by little (I notice things very much if I have a reason), and now I think I understand your mother's system."

"Don't say anything against my mother," the girl broke in, beseechingly.

"I shall not say anything unjust. That is, if I am unjust, you must tell me. This is my idea, and your speaking of Tishy's marriage confirms it. To begin with, she has had immense plans for you all; she wanted each of you to be a princess or a duchess—I mean a good one. But she has had to give *you* up."

"No one has asked for me," said Dora, with unexpected honesty.

"I don't believe it. Dozens of fellows have asked for you, and you have shaken your head in that divine way (divine for me, I mean) in which you shook it the other night."

"My mother has never said an unkind word to me in her life," the girl declared, in answer to this.

"I never said she had, and I don't know why you take the precaution of telling me so. But whatever you tell me, or don't tell me," Raymond pursued, "there is one thing I see very well—that so long as you won't marry a duke, Cousin Maria has found means to prevent you from marrying till your sisters have made rare alliances."

"Has found means?" Dora repeated, as if she really wondered what was in his thought.

"Of course I mean only through your affection for her. How she works that, you know best yourself."

"It's delightful to have a mother of whom every one is so fond," said Dora, smiling.

"She is a most remarkable woman. Don't think for a moment that I don't appreciate her. You don't want to quarrel with her, and I dare say you are right."

"Why, Raymond, of course I am right!"

"It proves you are not madly in love with me. It seems to me that for you *I* would have quarrelled—"

"Raymond! Raymond!" she interrupted, with the tears again rising.

He sat looking at her, and then he said, "Well, when they *are* married?"

"I don't know the future—I don't know what may happen."

"You mean that Tishy is so small—she doesn't grow—and will therefore be difficult? Yes, she *is* small." There was bitterness in his heart, but he laughed at his own words. "However, Effie ought to go off easily," he went on, as Dora said nothing. "I really wonder that, with the Marquise and all, she hasn't gone off yet. This thing, to-night, ought to do a great deal for her."

Dora listened to him with a fascinated gaze; it was as if he expressed things for her, and relieved her spirit by making them clear and coherent. Her eyes managed, each time, to be dry again, and now a somewhat wan, ironical smile moved her lips. "Mamma knows what she wants—she knows what she will take. And she will take only that."

"Precisely—something tremendous. And she is willing to wait, eh? Well, Effie is very young, and she's charming. But she won't be charming if she has an ugly appendage in the shape of a poor unsuccessful American artist (not even a good one), whose father went bankrupt, for a brother-in-law. That won't smooth the way, of course; and if a prince is to come into the family, the family must be kept tidy to receive him." Dora got up quickly, as if she could bear his lucidity no longer, but he kept close to her as she walked away. "And she can sacrifice you like that, without a scruple, without a pang!"

"I might have escaped—if I would marry," the girl replied.

"Do you call that escaping? She has succeeded with you, but is it a part of what the Marquise calls her *succès de bonté?*"

"Nothing that you can say (and it's far worse than the reality) can prevent her being delightful."

"Yes, that's your loyalty, and I could shoot you for it!" he exclaimed, making her pause on the threshold of the adjoining room. "So you think it will take about ten years, considering Tishy's size—or want of size?" He himself again was the only one to laugh at this. "Your mother is closeted, as much as she can be closeted now, with Madame de Brives, and perhaps this time they are really settling something."

"I have thought that before, and nothing has come. Mamma wants something so good; not only every advantage and every grandeur, but every virtue under heaven, and every guarantee. Oh, she wouldn't expose them!"

"I see; that's where her goodness comes in, and where the Marquise is impressed." He took Dora's hand; he felt that he must go, for she exasperated him with her irony that stopped short, and her patience that wouldn't stop. "You simply propose that I should wait?" he said, as he held her hand.

"It seems to me that you might, if *I* can." Then the girl remarked, "Now that you are here, it's far better."

There was a sweetness in this which made him, after glancing about a moment, raise her hand to his lips. He went away without taking leave of Cousin Maria, who was still out of sight, her conference with the Marquise apparently not having terminated. This looked (he reflected as he passed out) as if something might come of it. However, before he went home he fell again into a gloomy forecast. The weather had changed, the stars were all out, and he walked the empty streets for an hour. Tishy's perverse refusal to grow, and Cousin Maria's conscientious exactions, promised him a terrible probation. And in these intolerable years what further interference, what meddlesome, effective pressure, might not make itself felt? It may be added that Tishy is decidedly a dwarf, and his probation is not yet over.

THE END.

KENNEBUNK AND OLD ORCHARD BEACH.

To the traveller, either on paper or in public conveyance, who has followed the series of illustrations which Mr. HARRY FENN has made of the watering-places along the New England coast, none of these delightful resorts is more attractive than Kennebunk and Old Orchard Beach. Situated about fifteen miles apart, of easy distance from Portland, and comfortably near to Boston, they attract largely from both places. But perhaps no watering-place in the country is so frequented by Canadians as Old Orchard Beach. They come from Ottawa, Montreal, St. Catharines—yes, and Quebec—bringing with them the strong, healthy natures of a Northern climate, and a ready zest for out-door sports. The explanation of this is found in the fact that Canada possesses so few watering-places: there are only about three of frequent resort. The beaches at Kennebunk and Old Orchard, instead of being small and rock-bound, as are many of the beaches nearer Boston, here open out into an amplitude which is more than gratifying. Wide, firm, long-shelving, free from shells, pebbles, and stones, they stretch away for twenty miles. Except for the Saco River and two little creeks, there is no break in the beach from Kennebunk Beach to Old

Orchard Beach. All the country around possesses a historical interest, and was included in Sir Fernando Gorge's "Province of Maine," which was settled in 1623-4. Kennebunk is situated on a narrow river of the same name, three to five miles from its mouth (distances in the country vary in ratio according to the imagination of the guide), while Kennebunkport is on the coast at the mouth of the river. Before the ship-building industry waned, both of these towns were, some thirty years or so ago, the scene of active ship-building. Many were the vessels here constructed, and lofty towering three-deckers were not uncommonly floated off the ways at high tide and down the narrow little river. Though this industry has died out, the appreciation of the many fine qualities which the place possesses as a summer resort has opened up a lucrative business in the entertainment of guests. Old Orchard Beach, as regards its general appearance, might be classed with Atlantic City, but there the resemblance ceases. The bathing is altogether unique, in that though the surf is a moderately heavy one, there is no undertow, and life-lines are deemed a superfluity. With such an advantage, the sport is largely indulged in, and eleven o'clock witnesses a gay crowd of bathers and lookers-on, many of the latter on their way back from the morning ride on the beach.

The hotels and cottages are numerous, from those which accommodate a single family to the largest hotels accommodating 400 guests. A fire in 1875 destroyed much hotel property, and consequently many of the buildings are of recent construction. It is an old saw among the New-Yorkers who frequent the place that it "cost ten dollars to get there, and anything to board you want to pay." Kennebunk has its ship-yards and fishermen's houses for landmarks, but Old Orchard has a park, or rather *had* a park—for it is fast falling into decay—in the thick pine woods, which, beginning just back of the beach, extends into the country for miles. The park was laid out by a gentleman of means, who twenty-five years ago, betook himself to a log cabin in the woods for the cure of some pulmonary complaint, and no Hamilton Gibson sought out the cozy nooks with more zest. Over each nook was placed a small painted board bearing an appropriate quotation from a nature-loving poet.

Cottages extend along the beaches in either direction—to the eastward where Mr. Winslow Homer made the studies for his recent and most successful marine pictures, at Scarborough; and southward to Camp Ellis and the twin cities of Saco and Biddeford, on either side of the Saco River. Both these latter are prospering cities, the scenes of mercantile industry. Seals frequently disport themselves on the rocks along the shore, and an interesting sight of an evening is to be had by walking along the beach and watching them tumbling in the breakers close to shore. Kennebunk, Kennebunkport, and Old Orchard Beach are too varied in their numerous attractions to receive justice from mere description, but one of the signs in the piny-woods park bears a quotation which seems particularly apt, and tells the whole story:

> "Who, if master of a vacant hour,
> Here would not linger, willingly detained?"

THE ILLINOIS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

One of the most terrible railroad accidents ever recorded in this country occurred about three miles east of Chatsworth, Illinois, on the night of August 10. An excursion train for Niagara Falls had been made up along the line of the Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railroad. When it left Peoria it consisted of a baggage-car, a special car occupied by the Superintendent of the road, five passenger coaches, two chair cars, and six sleepers, and was drawn by two engines. Every berth was occupied in the sleeping-cars, and the other cars were filled with excursionists, the whole number of passengers being over six hundred. The train passed through Peoria at 11.45 P.M. Three miles further along on the road there was a shallow "run," not more than fifteen feet wide and ten feet deep, which the recent drought in that region had made dry. This was crossed by a wooden trestle bridge supported by timbers. As the train approached this it was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour with a clear track. Just before reaching it the engineer of the forward engine noticed flames licking up through the wooden structure, but too late to stop the train. His engine crossed the gulch, but the burning bridge gave way, the tender broke from the engine and fell in, the second engine ploughed furiously into the farther bank, and cars came crashing with terrific force upon one another, telescoped throughout their length, and piled in splinters over the broken and burning trestle. The sleeping-cars stopped short of the horrible gap, but were badly shaken up.

The scene that followed it is impossible to describe. The hapless passengers of the forward cars were almost inextricably mingled in the shattered mass. The engineer of the second engine was instantly killed, and the fireman seriously injured. Out of the first car only four persons were rescued alive, and they were badly hurt, all being crushed by the second car, the bottom of which rested along the tops of the seats of the first. The third was piled upon the second. The next three were smashed and splintered, and most of their occupants were among the wounded. To add to the midnight horror, the flames were making their way in the shattered débris, and there was no water at hand. After a long contest the fire was extinguished, mainly by smothering it with dirt, which had to be dug up with the hands or any improvised implement that could be seized. While this was going on amid the shrieks of the injured victims and the terrors of those who escaped, every effort was made to extricate the dead, the dying, and the wounded. Help was summoned from the nearest towns along the road—Gilman, Piper City, and Chatsworth, and most of the dead and helplessly injured were sent to the latter place, where the Town-hall was turned into a hospital and the railroad station into a morgue. The number of the killed and injured is not definitely known. An official estimate gives the former as 76, and the latter 279. Half the number wounded were able to go to their homes. The robbery of some of the helpless victims by miserable wretches who were not identified led to the suspicion that the bridge had been set on fire for the purpose of wrecking the train and giving opportunity to plunder the passengers, but there was no other evidence to justify this horrible suspicion. As usual, there were many cases of heroism as well as of meanness displayed in connection with this accident, and every effort was made by most of the uninjured passengers, the officers and employés of the road, and the inhabitants of the adjacent villages to take decent care of the dead and mitigate the sufferings of the living. The immediate facilities were meagre, as the disaster occurred at a lonely spot, but resources were speedily drawn from a distance. Bodies not identified and taken in charge by friends of the dead were sent to Peoria, and as soon as possible the wounded were transferred where proper care could be bestowed upon them. They lived mostly along the line of the Toledo, Peoria, and Western road and its western connections as far as Iowa.

M. KATKOFF.

Michael Nikephorovitch Katkoff, the famous Russian publicist, was born in the year 1820 in the city of Moscow. He studied at the University of his native town, and afterward at Berlin and Königsberg. In Germany he devoted himself to the study of philosophy, became a pupil of Schelling, and on his return home was appointed Professor of Philosophy at the University of Moscow. Here he began his journalistic career in 1856 as editor of the *Russkij Westnik*, or "Russian Messenger," and in 1861 joined Leontieff in conducting the *Moscow Gazette*, with which thenceforward his name was identified. When he commenced his editorial career Russia was in a state of awakening; the death of the Emperor Nicholas and the accession of Alexander II. induced the young and ardent spirits to see in the future an era of progress. Katkoff was then the standard-bearer of liberalism, the admirer and advocate of parliamentary institutions, and a resolute opponent of absolutism. His first important collision with men in power was his controversy with Golownin, then Minister of Education, who, like many of his contemporaries of progressive ideas, was desirous to diminish, or even abolish, the study of classical literature in the national system of education. Golownin's plans were the natural recoil from the old pedantic course, of instruction in dead tongues and dead matters but Katkoff was the eager advocate of classical learning as the fountain from which well-ordered freedom flowed. He denounced in unsparing terms the state Gymnasia as unsatisfactory and inadequate, and, in spite of all the Minister's efforts, had the joy of witnessing the Emperor lay the first stone of the new Lyceum he founded in Moscow.

In 1863 the ill-fated Polish insurrection broke out, with the result of arousing an intense national feeling in Russia proper. Katkoff described the patriotic sentiment then awakened as a "national revolution," as a declaration of "Russia for the Russians," as an uprising of the people that at the same time crushed the Poles and the revolutionists. He praised the self-reliance and the courage with which the orthodox peasants of White and Little Russia and Lithuania defended themselves against the Catholic Polish nobles, and he demanded unceasingly the thorough Russification of Poland and the Baltic provinces. In this "national and orthodox" crusade he had the powerful support of the celebrated Antoinette Bludoff, the closest friend of the Empress, and the assistance of Aksakoff Pogodin and the reactionaries. Moscow, the old national capital, became the head-quarters of the party, where they collected funds, wrote pamphlets, and formed their plans for the conversion of Poland. The Emperor's responsible ministry and his brother the Grand-duke Constantine advocated generous and liberal treatment to the defeated Poles, but the nationalists clamored for Mouravieff and his iron hand, and gained their point. All traces of Polish autonomy were to be wiped out.

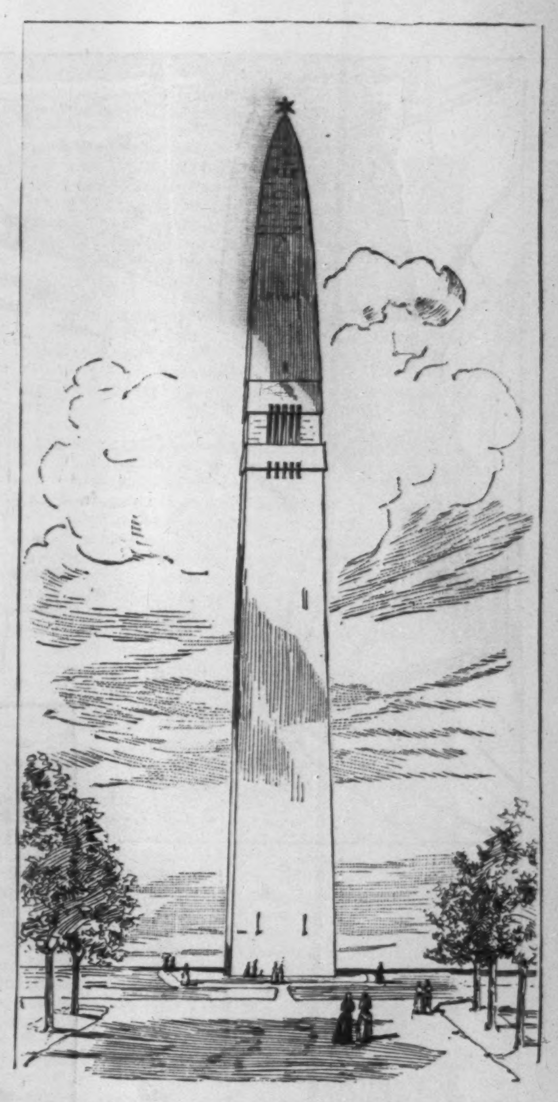
The Baltic provinces, with their German Lutheran population, next claimed the attention of Katkoff, and he recommended, in a written petition personally presented to the Czar, the abolition of the world-renowned University of Dorpat. "*Tü Gossudar illi ja?*" ("Are you the Emperor, or I?") was the Czar's response. If he was not the Emperor, he seemed to wield his power. In the Polish case he defeated Suvaroff, the Grand-duke, Miliutin, and the whole court, and the Emperor personally cancelled all edicts which had been issued against the Moscow *Gazette* or its party. He supported Gortchakoff as the representative of Russia, and it is due in no slight degree to the pen of Katkoff that that statesman obtained his reputation as a great man.

The death of Alexander II. only intensified the exclusiveness and fanaticism of his ideas and feelings, and every movement toward freedom and progress found in him an opponent, and particularly any tendency to the progress of western Europe. Down to his death he was as active as ever, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing Alexander III. carrying out his ideas, building orthodox churches in Livonia and Esthonia, and expelling the Germans from all the border provinces. His paper has been filled with bitter attacks on Bismarck, which called out remonstrances to the Emperor on the part of the Foreign Minister De Giers. Katkoff died, August 1, at the village of Znamensky; on the 8th the funeral procession set out for Moscow, a distance of twenty miles. The coffin was borne the whole way on the shoulders of his relatives and admirers; three hundred carriages followed the bier. At every church on the route a halt was made, and prayers for the repose of the soul offered. Prince Dolgorouky, as the Czar's representative, met the train several miles from the city, and at three in the morning an enormous crowd received the cortége, and the remains were borne to a tomb in the Alexoffsky Monastery.

COTTON-PICKING.

In Harper's Weekly of August 13 there was an illustration of a cotton warehouse. Tier on tier are piled the cotton bales, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. Mr. Horace Bradley in this number presents a cotton field in full bloom, with the hands hard at work picking the snow-white product, and so is shown one of the most important of all textile substances in its various stages. The seeding of cotton begins in March and April, according to the locality, and at the close of July or beginning of August the real picking season begins. This year in Georgia the first bale of cotton was forwarded to Atlanta on the 5th of July. From the time the seed first sprouts until the plant is mature, work is constant. In such fruitful soil and with a semi-tropical climate weeds grow apace. The cotton has to be gone over frequently with the hoe to kill out the parasitical growths, and to loosen the soil and give the plant air. Sometimes excessive toil is necessary in order to clear the plant of its greatest enemy, the cotton worm. There has been many a cotton field, presenting one day fair returns for the labor expended on it, which on the morrow has shown but a wide expanse of sickly-looking yellow stalks, the caterpillars having stripped every plant of its leaves. Early blooms are visible in June, and impatiently do the planter and his hands wait until there are sufficient bolls to begin with. The flower of the cotton is very beautiful, sometimes of a delicate straw-color, and varying with the sun, being at mid-day of a snowy white, and of evenings taking a pinky shade. When the flower falls, at once the boll begins to form, and the cotton is mature and ready to pick when the boll bursts. Cotton ready to be picked appears on the plant at the same time with flowers, and both are continuous until the first frost appears. In September and October cotton-picking is in full blast. All hands start out early to work, and all provided with baskets, sometimes with bags. Expert cotton-pickers work with great rapidity, as they are generally paid by the pound. They carry a bag, which they soon fill, and then they transfer the cotton to huge baskets. There is always a wagon in attendance, and the contents of the baskets are dumped into the wagon. From the field to the storehouse or the gin, backward and forward, the full wagons and the empty ones are always in movement. It is hard, hot work at times, and under a broiling sun. As celerity is everything, sometimes any animal that can haul is pressed into service, and in the illustration a mule and an ox are seen attached to the same wagon. Men and women seem to enjoy the work, and through the cotton fields they sing as they pick. There have been many inventions devised for the mechanical picking of cotton, but nothing, so far, has proved as effectual or economical as the hands of the colored people. While the blooms show their snowy fleece it is the object of the planter to secure all the cotton he can. Days of rain render picking difficult, as the cotton then does not come readily from the boll, and even when pulled is likely to be slightly colored. The highest grades of the staple, those bringing the best prices in the market, can only be picked in fine weather from the perfectly dry and mature cotton boll.

To the storehouse first, and then through the gin, passes all the cotton. Before Eli Whitney's time all cotton was picked by hand, so as to clean it of its seed and trash. This was very slow and laborious work, for with certain long-staple cotton the task of a woman was not more than one or two pounds of clean cotton in the eight hours. Eli Whitney, whose portrait is presented on another page, was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, in 1765. Studying law in Savannah, he resided in the house of the widow of General Greene. Observing the time and labor necessary to clean cotton, he at once set to work to invent a machine which would accomplish the task, and the gin was the result. There has been no invention which has been of greater benefit to the world in general than the Whitney gin.

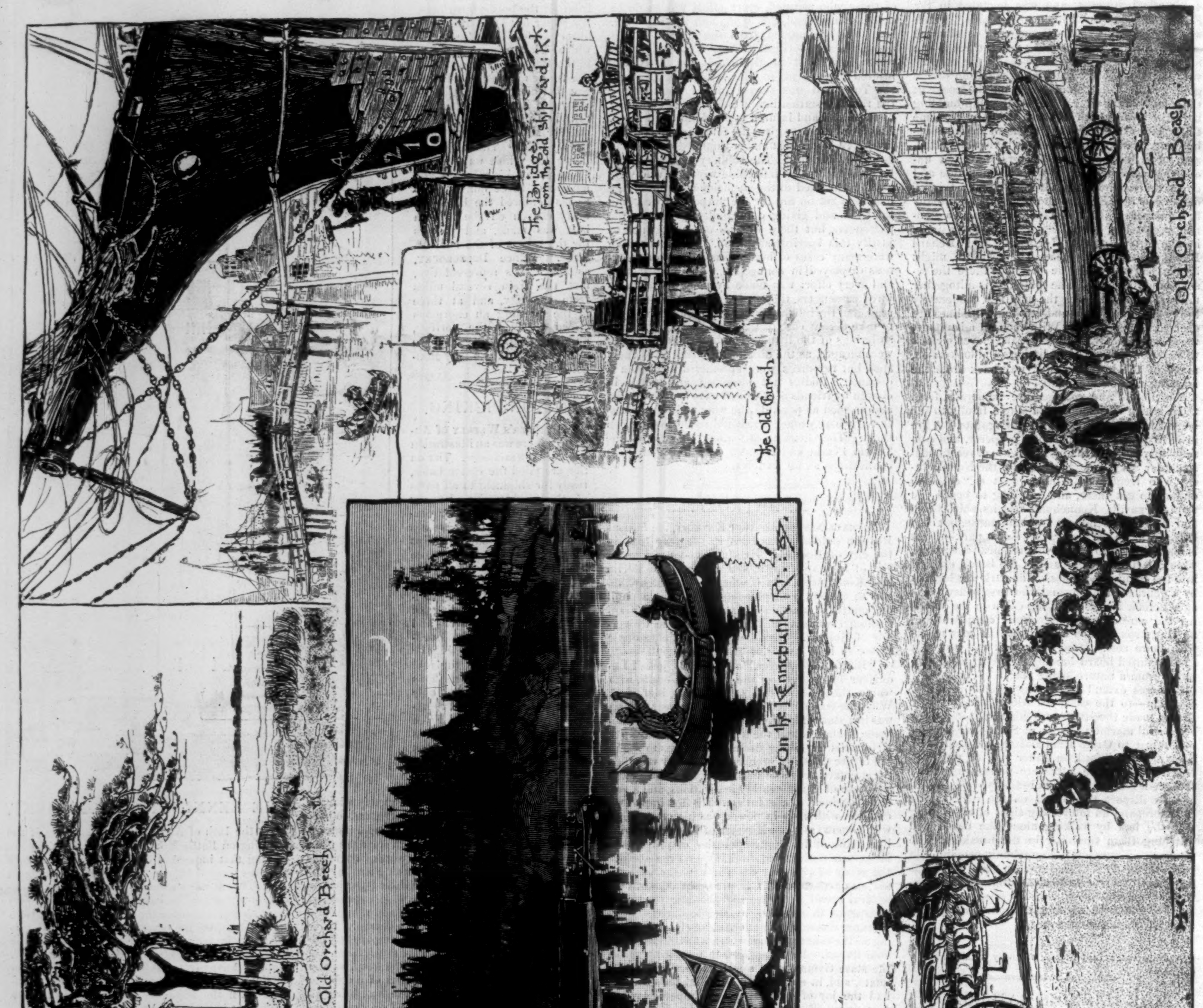


THE BENNINGTON MONUMENT.

On the 16th of August the corner-stone of the Bennington Battle Monument was laid, commemorating that important contest, which took place near the present village of Bennington on August 16, 1777. It was eminently fitting that one hundred years after the battle the citizens of Vermont should remember the valorous deeds of General Stark. On the occasion of placing the corner-stone in position, the First Brigade of the Vermont National Guards, the Fuller Battery, representatives from the Grand Army of the Republic, divisions of Masons, with Knights Templars from the adjoining States, assisted. The monument itself is to be a handsome structure.

The battle of Bennington was a blow aimed by Burgoyne to capture the stores at that place. On the 14th of August Colonel Baum, the Brunswick lieutenant-colonel of dragoons, was despatched with a mixed force, consisting of 400 Brunswickers, the Hanau artillerists with two cannon, a body of chosen British sharp-shooters, a party of Canadians, a number of royalists, and, last and not least, 150 Indians. On the evening of the 13th Baum took position on a hill near Bennington, just inside of the line of the State of New York. Early on the morning of the 14th the American forces under Stark were seen. On the 16th, Stark, having made a disposition of his militia-men, was enabled to attack Baum on his right and front. The Indians proved cowards, and fled. The New England troops fought hand to hand with the Brunswickers, and scaled the batteries. While pushing on his own men Baum was killed. English re-enforcements under Breymann were met by Seth Warner with 150 men, and the battle was renewed. At sunset Breymann gave up the fight, leaving behind him his artillery and the wounded. This victory was one of the most brilliant during the Revolution, and was won against heavy odds by the brave farmers of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Thirty Americans were killed, and twice as many of the enemy; 692 prisoners were made, two-thirds of whom were Germans.

State Arms Hill, on which the Bennington Monument will stand, rises some three hundred feet above a valley. The Monument when completed will be a shaft 301 feet high, built of dolemite, a magnesian limestone of great durability. The base measurement will be 7½ feet, and the apex 2 feet. The shaft is to have a rough finish, the stones having their natural split faces, the whole held together with Portland cement. At the height of 200 feet there will be an entablature of 8 feet, and 14 feet above that another entablature 12 feet square. The faces of these entablatures will be of dressed stone, and will encircle the shaft. Below the lowest entablature there are to be openings, and 16 feet under these other openings. The door of entrance is to be of heavy oak with bronze fittings. There will be an interior staircase leading to the higher entablature. The architect, Mr. J. Philip Rinn, of Boston, has done his best to erect a memorial shaft which will give no suggestions of an observatory. The natural site is an excellent one, and a plateau will be constructed in which the shaft will occupy a central position.



AROUND KENNEBUNK AND OLD ORCHARD BEACH.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 594.]

DOWN IN THE HOLD.

ON THE DOCK.

LOADING AN OCEAN STEAMER AT NIGHT.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 602.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

JEREMIAH PAMFLETT'S OPINIONS OF GIRLS.

No more chivalrous knight than Tom Barley ever drew breath, but notwithstanding his devotion to Phœbe, certain incontrovertible conclusions had for some time past forced themselves upon him. A number of men live to eat; a much larger number eat to live. Without reference to his inclinations, Tom Barley's circumstances did not enable him to do the former, and he found it exceedingly hard to do the latter. Between him and Mrs. Pamflett existed an unconquerable antipathy. Being of an independent order of mind, he was barely civil to her; and, as she kept the key of the cupboard, she repaid him in full by either throwing food to him as she would to a dog, or giving him none at all. She tolerated him because he was useful to her in the way of chopping wood and doing various odd jobs of a rough nature; but for this, she would long ago have had him dismissed. Her son Jeremiah, who came regularly to Parksides on Miser Farebrother's business, never failed to put a spoke in Tom's wheel as he termed it; but his mother was successful in mollifying him by recounting the hardships to which Tom had to submit.

"He's little better than starved," she said to her son, "and he hasn't a rag to his back."

"Serve him right," growled Jeremiah; "I'd like to see him hanged!"

He never forgot the beating he had received in the village, by the instigation of Tom Barley, on the occasion of his first visit to Parksides; and with him, never to forget was never to forgive. With prudent care of his bones he steered clear of a collision with Tom, who was strong enough to tackle half a dozen men such as he; but he would gladly have seized an opportunity to do Tom an ill turn. Tom, the least vindictive being that ever wore rags, had forgotten the incident years ago, and would have met with civility any advances which Jeremiah might have made to him; but as Miser Farebrother's managing clerk invariably scowled at him when they happened to meet, he took refuge in silence and avoidance. Jeremiah had made great strides since he first entered the miser's service. He had mastered the intricacies and the rogueries of the money-lending business, and was the sharpest of sharp knaves—without feeling, without a heart, intent only upon his own interests and the gratification of his own pleasures. It has already been shown that he was lending money upon his own account; but this was done without the cognizance of the miser, who would have bitterly resented such an encroachment upon his domain. Miser Farebrother would have found it difficult—indeed, almost impossible—to get along now without Jeremiah; the constant cramp in his bones, which had kept him so frequently and for so long a time together a prisoner in Parksides, grew worse instead of better, and Jeremiah had taken the fullest advantage which these absences had offered to him. There were matters of business which Jeremiah, and Jeremiah alone, could explain: sums of money were owing which, without Jeremiah, could never have been recovered; certain of the questionable transactions by means of which Miser Farebrother had amassed wealth were entered and recorded in a manner so peculiar that Jeremiah and no other person understood them. He had played his cards apparently well. The question to be decided was, where the game was going to lead him.

On the Friday upon which Fred Cornwall was expected home, two or three pregnant circumstances took place affecting our heroine. It was the day previous to her birthday, on which she had obtained her father's consent to the visit of the Lethbridges to Parksides. Phœbe had returned home on Thursday evening, intent upon making preparations for the visit of her dearest friends. Before she left Camden Town a little conversation took place between her and her aunt with respect to this birthday celebration.

"You must not expect much," Phœbe said; "I cannot afford to do as I would wish."

"Whatever it is," said Aunt Leth, "it will be as welcome as the best. I should say, a cup of tea and some nice thin bread and butter."

"Yes," said poor Phœbe; "that will be all, I am afraid."

"But even that," said Aunt Leth, "will entail a small expense. Let me see your purse."

"No, aunt; it is all right; and I must go at once."

"There is no hurry, my dear; you have at least half an hour to spare. Fanny is going with you to the station, and she will not be ready for the next twenty minutes. Show me your purse, Phœbe."

"Aunt dear—"

"My dear child, I insist, or I shall think you do not love me."

Phœbe's purse was out in a moment; but she repented when it was in Aunt Leth's hand.

"You foolish girl!" said Aunt Leth, looking into the purse, and pinching Phœbe's cheek; "there is next to nothing in it. Come, now—it is too late, I hope, for secrets between us—tell me all."

Phœbe, in a low voice, told of the conversation between her father and herself, and of his giving her a florin for a birthday present. Aunt Leth did not look grave as she listened; on the contrary, she nodded and smiled brightly. It was not in her nature to do the slightest thing to aggravate the gloomy surroundings of the young girl's home. Her heart was filled with sweet pity for her niece's lot, and it was for her to shed light on Phœbe's life.

"My dear child," she said, "do you look upon me as a mother?"

"Indeed I do, dear aunt."

"Would you wish to vex me?"

"No, aunt; no."

"Then you must let me have my way. I know what is right and what is best. I have a little treasure-box, which I find very useful often when I am in a wilful mood. It is sometimes filled with saved pennies, and you have no idea how they mount up. Don't oppose me, Phœbe, or I will not kiss you." In proof of which she gave her niece a number of affectionate kisses at once. "I am going to my treasure-box now."

She produced it from her desk, and put fifteen shillings into Phœbe's purse. Then she closed the purse, and pressed it into the girl's hand.

"What can I say, aunt?" murmured Phœbe, her eyes filled with tears.

"Say, my dear, 'I am glad my aunt treats me as she would treat her own child.' I have served you just as I would serve Fanny."

"I shall never be able to repay you, dear aunt."

"You are repaying me, Phœbe, every day of your life."

The gratitude which filled Phœbe's heart had something sacred in it. But, indeed, that happy house was more than a home to the young girl—it was a sanctuary.

Therefore Phœbe, unloved and neglected as she was in Parksides, was perfectly happy on the day before her birthday. She would be able to make her tea-table quite gay, and she went to the village and laid out, to great advantage, the money her aunt had put in her purse.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Phœbe."

It was Jeremiah Pamflett who accosted her. He was on a visit to the miser, with books and papers under his arm.

"Good-afternoon," said Phœbe, who was also carrying parcels. She would have hurried on and left him, after these salutations, but he was too quick for her.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Miss Phœbe?"

"I can't; they are full."

"Where there's a will there's a way. You had better shake hands with me, or your father will be angry when I tell him."

This threat served him. Phœbe managed to extend her hand, which he took and held in his for a longer time than was necessary.

"What a pretty hand you have, Miss Phœbe!"

She shrank at the compliment, and snatched her hand from his grasp. He did not take umbrage at this action, pretending not to notice it.

"We are both going home, Miss Phœbe. May I offer you my arm?"

"I can do quite well without, thank you," said Phœbe.

"And as well with. I always like to be polite to ladies; a gentleman can't do less. Let me carry a parcel or two for you. I shall tell your father that I assisted you, and he will be pleased. I do all his business for him, you know, and he has the greatest confidence in me. I do all I can to deserve it, I am sure. Thank you. Don't you feel more comfortable now? I should if I was a young lady, and a gentleman insisted upon helping me."

Had it not been that she was fearful of angering her father, Phœbe would on no account have accepted his assistance; but he forced it upon her, and compelled her to take his arm. He walked proudly through the village with his lovely charge, tilting his hat a little on one side of his head to show his quality. Sometimes he dropped one of Phœbe's parcels, and when she once stooped to pick it up and their heads touched, he became quite merry, and asked her which was the hardest. She spoke scarcely a word; but he beguiled the way with anecdote and jest, and, when they reached Parksides, declared it was the pleasantest walk he had ever taken. She ran up to her room and left him alone. For himself, though he was at the door of the house, he did not enter it; he turned back, and walked about the grounds in thought, saying more than once to himself, "Upon my soul it wouldn't be half a bad move!" emphasizing his remark by slapping his leg smartly. On his way back to the house he encountered Tom Barley, and, elated by his reflections, he cried out:

"Hallo, you beggar! How are *you* getting on? Making your fortune?"

"No," said Tom Barley; "are you?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, exultantly. "*I'm* getting on like a house on fire. Here's a penny—no, a ha'penny for you."

Tom Barley threw it back savagely, and it grazed Jeremiah's forehead.

"I could have you up for that," said Jeremiah, edging away from Tom. "Assault and battery, you know. If you give me any of your cheek I'll land you at the station-house."

"Give me any of yours," retorted Tom, "and I'll break every bone in your body!"

Jeremiah deemed it best to walk away, which he did rather swiftly, and with decided nervousness. Upon making his appearance before his mother he worked himself up into a great passion, and said that Tom Barley had set upon him with a knife, and had threatened his life. She soothed him, and advised him to inform Miser Farebrother, which he promised to do; and being further mollified by a draught of ale and a plate of cold meat and pickles, he condescended to be in a better humor.

"You haven't kissed me, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett.

"Oh, bother!" he said, brushing her cheek with his lips. "I like to kiss girls. I say, mother, how pretty Phœbe's grown!"

"Miss Farebrother?" asked his mother, somewhat startled.

"I said 'Phœbe,' didn't I? She's about as pretty as they make 'em. I met her in the village, and she took my arm. A little stuck up at first, but I soon brought her to her senses. Mother, what do you think of me?"

"You are the best son in the world," she replied, readily, "and the cleverest man in England."

"Yes, I think I can show them a trick or two. Are you proud of me, mother?"

"Indeed I am, Jeremiah."

"Am I a handsome man, mother?"

"A handsomer couldn't be found, Jeremiah."

"Am I good enough for any girl?"

"Indeed you are. She'll be a lucky girl you set your heart on, my boy."

"Oh, come, now! I don't know so much about hearts. I know which side I want my bread buttered—eh, mother?"

"Certainly, Jeremiah."

"Well, then, why shouldn't it be?"

"Why shouldn't what be?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, very much mystified.

Jeremiah put his forefinger to the side of his nose. "When I tell you, mother, you'll be as wise as I am."

"But do tell me, Jeremiah," the fond mother pleaded.

"Still tongue, wise head," said he. "No; I'll have a good think over it first."

He went up to Miser Farebrother with his books and papers, and when the interview was over he returned to his mother, who by that time had a hot meal prepared for him. Before she dished it up he asked her whether she could find Tom Barley.

"The old skinflint wants to see him," said Jeremiah, with an upward jerk of his head, in the direction of the room occupied by Miser Farebrother. "He has something very particular to say to the beggar, which will open his eyes a bit. Go and find him, mother, and send him up. I'll wait. Pleasure first, business afterward."

Tom Barley happened to be within hail, and Mrs. Pamflett sent him up to the miser, and then attended to her son. She waited till he was well primed, and presumably therefore in a more complaisant humor, and then she said, coaxingly, "Won't you tell me, Jeremiah, what you meant by saying 'Why shouldn't it be?'"

"No, I won't, and that's flat," replied Jeremiah; "at least, I won't till I've a mind to. But Phœbe *is* a pretty girl, isn't she, mother?"

"I was pretty once," sighed Mrs. Pamflett.

"Shouldn't have thought it. But women go off so. I don't know that I've ever seen a much prettier girl than Phœbe."

Mrs. Pamflett opened her eyes wide; she began to have a glimmering of her son's meaning.

"There's styles," continued Jeremiah. "Some like one style, some like another. For my part, I'm not particular, so long as a girl's nice-looking. It don't matter to me much whether they're dark or fair, or long or short, so long as they're that. Mother, you're not a bad sort, and I'll be open with you."

"You're my own boy!" exclaimed the fond mother, pressing her son's head to her bosom.

"I wish you wouldn't!" cried Jeremiah. "I don't care to have your buttons grinding into my nose. When you've recovered yourself, perhaps you'll sit down."

Mrs. Pamflett obeyed meekly, murmuring, "I couldn't help it, Jeremiah."

"Well, do help it. I tell you once for all, do help it. I don't want to have my nose skinned. I've a good mind now not to tell you."

"Do tell me, Jeremiah," implored Mrs. Pamflett—"do! And I'll never take you sudden again."

"Very well, then; but mind you keep your word. You're always at it, hugging and pressing me as if I was a bit of wood. Yes; I say there's styles, and what I say on the top of that is that I ain't particular so long as everything else is O. K."

"What's O. K.?" inquired Mrs. Pamflett, anxiously.

"All correct, of course. You don't know much, and that's a fact. Trust me for seeing to things being right. You would have to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of *me*. Now don't exasperate me by asking too many questions. Everything in time, so don't you be in a hurry. A spider ain't, when he's got a bluebottle in his web. Take a lesson from him."

"I will, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, humbly; "but who's the bluebottle, and who's the spider?"

"There you are, asking questions again. You rile a fellow, that's what you do. Mother, what do you think of Phœbe?"

"I don't think much of her," replied Mrs. Pamflett, shortly. She would not have answered so candidly had she not been taken off her guard. Her opinion of Phœbe, however, did not seem to disturb Jeremiah, who said:

"Women never hit it, somehow. Is she proud?"

"Yes."

"I thought she was; but if any man can bring her to book, I can. Does she sauce you?"

"She seldom speaks to me."

"Women are the crookedest creatures going; they never answer straight. Does she sauce you?"

"No."

"Has she got a sweetheart?"

"Not that I know of."

"Does she receive letters?"

"Only from her relations in Camden Town."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge," said Jeremiah, chuckling, and feeling his pocket, in which an acceptance for three hundred pounds with Mr. Lethbridge's name to it was safely secured. "I know something of *them*. Do you think she's in love?"

"No."

"It wouldn't matter if she was." And here Jeremiah paused, and gave himself up to thought, with his fingers stretched across his brows. Mrs. Pamflett observed him earnestly, but did not disturb him. "Mother, would you like to see me ride in my carriage—my own carriage?"

"I should be the proudest woman in England, Jeremiah—my own Jeremiah!"

"Stow that!" cried Jeremiah, holding her off. "No more buttons! You'd like to see me ride in my carriage, would you? There are more unlikely things. You said I was good enough for any girl. Am I good enough for Phœbe?"

"A million times too good, my boy," said Mrs. Pamflett, enthusiastically.

"That's a blessing. She ought to be grateful. When I met her in the village she had a lot of parcels. Does she go shopping for you?"

"Not she. Perhaps she's been buying some things for her birthday. She's going to give her aunt and uncle tea here."

"Oho! And when *is* Phœbe's birthday, mother?"

"To-morrow."

Jeremiah grinned, his eyes glittered. "I'm in luck's way," he said. "And now, mother, give me a glass of brandy and water, and I'll cut my lucky."

"When shall I see you again, Jeremiah?" she asked, after mixing the beverage, which he tossed off with a relish.

"Sooner than you expect. Oh, well, I don't mind telling you. I'm coming here to-morrow to wish Phœbe many happy returns. Ta-ta! Well, if you must kiss me—there you are, hugging me again! Why can't you do it gently?"

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM BARLEY HAS A SCENE WITH THE MISER.

Meanwhile Miser Farebrother and Tom Barley were "having it out" upstairs in the miser's room. Jeremiah Pamflett had put a very strong case before Miser Farebrother. He said that every time he came down to Parksides, Tom Barley laid wait for him and threatened to take his life.

"It's no fault of mine," said Jeremiah, "that I'm not as strong as that hulking vagabond, who makes any amount of money by robbing you. If you like to be robbed, I've nothing to say to it. Nobody loses anything but yourself. But I can't be coming regularly down here in fear of my life. You couldn't expect me to."

In short, Jeremiah indirectly gave Miser Farebrother to understand that if he retained Tom Barley in his employ he would have to come more often to London to look through the books and papers; and that he, Jeremiah Pamflett, would have to come less often to Parksides. Jeremiah was cunning enough to know that he was on safe ground in making this declaration. He had felt his way before he had arrived at it, and the miser was furious. It was impossible for him to go more often to London; there was no one he could trust but Jeremiah, and, in the light of a possible rupture, he placed an exaggerated value upon his clerk's services.

"He drew a knife upon me," said Jeremiah, "as I was coming here, because he saw me escorting Miss Farebrother home. She was in the village making purchases, and I thought it my duty to protect her."

"Quite right, quite right," said Miser Farebrother. "She ought to be much obliged to you."

"She was," said Jeremiah.

"Making purchases, eh?" exclaimed Miser Farebrother. "What was she purchasing—eh? You don't know? What's that you say? Oh, Tom Barley! I'll soon settle with him. They all rob me—everybody, everybody! You are the only one I can trust—the only one, the only one!"

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," said Jeremiah, fervently. "I'd work my fingers off—"

"There, there!" said Miser Farebrother, fretfully. "Don't make protestations. I hate them. It is your interest to do your duty. I pay you well for it."

"You do; and I am grateful," said Jeremiah, feeling in his heart as if he would like to strangle his master. "But you don't care for that sort of thing, and I'll not say anything more."

"No; don't, don't!" groaned the miser. "Go; and send Tom Barley up to me."

Jeremiah nodded, and went out of the room. Miser Farebrother's eyes followed him; and when the door was closed, he groaned.

"He's as bad as the rest, I believe; but I've not been able to find him out. Is he cunninger and cleverer than I am? Curse my bones! Why can't I buy a new set? There isn't an honest man in the whole world. If Phœbe had been a boy instead of a girl, I might have had a little peace of mind; but as it is, I'm robbed right and left—right and left! Who's that at the door? Come in, can't you! Oh, it's you, Tom Barley?"

"Yes, it's me," said Tom. "What do you want of me?"

"Speak respectfully!" screamed the miser.

"I am, though I've got no particular call to," said Tom. Truth to tell he was not in an amiable temper, what with his hunger and his rags and his meeting with Jeremiah. "You sent for me. What do you want? And mind this—I don't stir hand or foot till I get something to eat."

Miser Farebrother became suddenly quite cool. It was generally the case when an antagonist he had in his power was before him.

"Something to eat, eh? You scoundrel! you have the stomach of an ostrich."

"I wish I had," said Tom; "then I could fill it with stones and rusty nails. As it is, I can't get those things down. I give you warning—"

"What!" cried Miser Farebrother; "you give me warning?"

"Yes; not to call hard names, or mayhap I'll throw them back at you."

"Do you dare to speak to me in that manner," said the miser, "after all I've done for you?"

Tom Barley looked ruefully at his rags of

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

clothes, and said, with unconscious humor, "Yes, you have done for me; there's no mistake about that. I remember you promised to make my fortune. I look as if it was made!"

"And whose fault is it," said Miser Farebrother, "that you're a pauper—whose fault but your own? That is, if what you say is true. But it isn't. You've got money rolled up in bundles somewhere—my money, that you've robbed me of."

Tom Barley burst out laughing. "Who has told you that cock-and-bull?" he asked. "I'd like to give him half to prove it. I'm thinking of buying Buckingham Palace, I am. I've got money enough to pay for it rolled up in bundles."

"Hold your tongue," said the miser, "and listen to me."

"Go ahead," said Tom Barley.

"When I first took you into my service," the miser commenced—

"At twopence a week," interposed Tom. "The Bank of England's breaking down with my savings."

"—It was my intention to make a man of you," continued the miser; and again Tom Barley interrupted him.

"The Lord Almighty did that while you was thinking of it."

"But," proceeded the miser, "I soon found out that I had taken a hopeless case in hand; I soon discovered that a clodhopper you were and a clodhopper you would remain, till you took your place in the workhouse as a regular. Then I lost interest in you, and let you go your way."

"In a minute or two," said Tom Barley, "I've got a couple of words to say to you that I don't go out of this room without saying."

"I allowed you to remain on my estate, and gave you your meals, and paid you so much a week."

"Why not say so little, instead of so much?" asked Tom, who, driven by necessity and despair, was coming out in a new light.

"The work you did I could have had done for a song—"

"The Lord forbid," said Tom, "that I should have heard you sing it! It would have given me the gripes. I've got 'em now."

"But I kept you on out of charity, and I told you that you were at liberty to earn money elsewhere whenever you could pick up an odd job."

"My experience is," he said, "that there's about five million evens to one odd."

"The result of my kindness and liberality is that you are as you are, an idle, skulking, thieving vagabond."

"Have you done?" asked Tom.

"Not yet. I have had a serious complaint made against you, and I intend to take notice of it in a practical way. You have threatened the life of my clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, a most estimable young man, in whom I place implicit confidence. You lie in ambush for him, and he goes in terror of you."

"That's the best thing I've heard yet," said Tom Barley, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Such a state of things is no longer to be endured, and I shall put an end to it. Tom Barley, I discharge you from my service."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. I wash my hands of you. As to your conduct toward my clerk, I warn you to be very careful. A watch will be set upon you, and if you repeat your threats you will have to put up with the consequences."

"I'll do that; it's a matter between this Jeremiah of yours and me. As to threatening his life, that I've never done. A long while ago I got him thrashed—I didn't do it myself; I was too big—for insulting your daughter, and if ever he insults her again, and I get to know it, he'll be thrashed again. As to being turned from your service, I'll put up with it. Whatever I do I can't be worse off than I am. But you said something else. You said I've got money rolled up in bundles somewhere, and that I've robbed you of it. Now out with it like a man: you did say it!"

"Yes, I did," snarled Miser Farebrother.

"What I've got to say to that is that you're a liar! I ain't given to hard words, but when I'm drove to it I use 'em; and my answer to your charge is, you're a liar! Straight from the shoulder, master: you're a liar!"

Upon that Tom marched out of the room, with erect head and angry eye; but when he got halfway down the staircase his look softened and his head drooped, for Phœbe stood before him. While he was in the presence of Miser Farebrother, asserting his manhood, he had not thought of her. She had heard the angry voices of her father and Tom, and she had waited to learn the cause. She beckoned Tom to follow her, and they were presently in the little room which she could call her own.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "what is it?"

"Well, miss," he replied, "I hardly like to say, but you'd get to know it if I didn't tell you. Your father and me 's had a difference, all along of that clerk of his, Jeremiah, Mrs. Pamflett's white-livered son. He's been telling your father stories about me which ain't true. Don't believe 'em when you hear 'em—don't!"

"I won't, Tom."

"Thank you, miss. I'm going to leave Parksides, miss."

"Oh, Tom!"

"Your father 's discharged me. If he hadn't, I don't know what I should have done, because—look at me, miss—I ain't fit to be seen."

"Oh, Tom, I am so sorry! How I shall miss you!"

"I feel that bad over it, because of you, that I can't express. But it ain't my fault."

"I am sure it is not, Tom. Have you thought what you shall do?"

"Well, miss, I'm going to London, to be a policeman, if they 'll take me on. It ain't my idea: it's somebody else's. And perhaps if I get to be a policeman, I'll be put on somewhere near Camden Town. I don't ask for anything better, miss; for then I shall be near where you will be sometimes, and I can look after you. Don't speak to me, miss, don't look at me, for I feel like breaking down. Good-by, Miss Phœbe, good-by, and God bless you!"

And, choking with tears, the honest fellow rushed away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BARREN SEASON.

SCARLET sunsets wondrous bright
  Drifted over sea and meadow,
But they had a mournful gleam,
  And to me were fraught with shadow;
And the witching moon at night
All in vain hung out her light.

All in vain to flying feet
  Silver music softly swept;
All in vain the leafy shade
  O'er the snug piazza crept;
And the perfumed twilight drew
Purple veil athwart the blue.

All in vain the pensive walks,
  And the sails where waves were flowing;
All in vain the sweet wild flowers
  By the way their blushes showing;
All in vain the toilets fine,
With their subtle Paris shine.

All in vain the golden days,
  Scarce a fog breath on the ocean;
All in vain the means to flirt,
  And the fashionable commotion;
All in vain the English swell,
Though one never looked so well.

'Twas the slowest and most triste,
  Dreariest of any season,
Wasted time; with wild regret
  Do I look back, and with reason.
Envy triumphed, dulness raged,
For but once was I engaged.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

By MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH AT WORK.

THINGS have greatly changed since that exact and most impartial observer La Bruyère drew the following picture of the French peasantry two hundred years ago. "You see," said he, "certain wild animals, males and females, about the land, dark, livid, naked, and all burnt with the sun, bound to the soil, which they dig and stir with an unflagging patience. They seem to articulate words, and when they stand up they show a human face, and, indeed, they are none other than men; at night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots. They save other men the trouble of sowing, digging, and reaping; and deserve not to lack of that bread which they have grown."

To-day the French peasant lives in his own cottage, cultivates his own field, and demands nothing beyond peace and fine weather. No doubt this cottage of his would appear to an English tourist to be lacking of many comforts. It is carpetless, it is true, but it belongs to him, and that makes up for many drawbacks. He is contented and rich like the rest of us, not in the things which he possesses, but in those which he knows how to do without. He is peaceful, simple, sober, and laborious. His ideal of life is the independence which is the fruit of labor and economy; he is satisfied with very little in the days of his strength, because the prospect of eating his own bread near the door of his own cottage when his strength is gone makes him happy. So he works steadily, unceasingly, with a wife who is a true helpmate. He is no fire-eater, no dreamer of new worlds to conquer. The surging passions of great towns, bred and fed by vice and improvidence, are horrible to him. He wants to be left alone, and cries for peace at the top of his voice. So eager is he after this blessing that, in 1881, his representatives in Parliament upset the first Ferry Ministry by a majority of 355 to 68 on account of the expedition to Tunis, although that expedition had been highly successful from a military point of view. In 1882 the Freycinet Ministry was defeated on the vote of credit which they asked to enable France to join with England in an armed intervention in Egypt. In 1885 the second Ferry Ministry was upset by a majority of 306 to 149 on account of the Tonquin expeditions. So much to show how aggressive the French nation is! The permanently aggressive nations are the nations where the people are oppressed and wretched. Militarism is not compatible with national prosperity and happiness. The prosperity of the common people, and the use they are learning to make of liberty, are the great facts which will tend to make France a nation more and more peaceful. The French peasant might well express a wish that the government should still improve his position; but he is quiet, and no government thinks of him particularly. If he were to make as much noise as the Paris workman, he might be listened to.

The real pretender in France is not the Comte de Paris or Prince Victor Napoleon, not the Duc d'Aumale or Prince Jerome; the real pretender is the Paris workman. If you speak to him of "the people," it is he, and he alone, whom he supposes you mean. The millions of quiet peasants, laborers, and other rural toilers he totally ignores; he is the "sovereign people." The Parisian workman is not satisfied with the old cry: "What is the capitalist? Everything. What ought he to be? Nothing." His new cry is: "What is the workman? Nothing. What ought he to be? Everything." A member of the commission appointed by the late French Parliament to inquire into the Paris workman's life asked one of them to get up the budget of his family expenses. After describing minutely all the necessaries, the workman put down, "For music halls, theatres, distractions — three hundred francs." And on the member of Parliament suggesting that the last item might, perhaps, be reduced, the Paris workman indignantly retorted, "Do you think that we are going to live like brutes?" The present House of Deputies is all occupied with the question of employers and employed, granting one by one all the demands of the latter. Nobody seems concerned about the rural population, by far the most interesting of all. How is that? Simply because the peasants do not hold stormy meetings, do not speak of erecting barricades, and are quiet, peaceful, industrious, sober, and law-abiding people. The peasant has the sun, and if his harvest is destroyed by the frost, the hail, or the drought, it is for him to make the best of it, while the Paris workman goes to the music halls, smokes cigars, and talks politics. Suppose the country engages in war, the Paris workman assumes a uniform and sings war-songs, but the peasant sees his land laid waste and his cottage burnt down; and this is why you will understand that he feels it his duty to hate the Germans in a theoretical way, but hopes and trusts that he may not live to see the day when he or his sons may be called upon to avenge the disasters of the terrible year 1870.

A great prejudice imposed upon English-speaking people on the subject of France, and one which I should very much like to destroy, is the belief in the importance of our Anarchists. This belief is kept alive by a few journalists, who love to fill their columns with the sayings and doings of French Anarchists. The Anarchists! Well, we keep the article, as the English and Americans do, and they are about as important as theirs. France, honest, economical, hard-working, ignores them. They are no party, no power, in the state. They are not represented in our Parliament. I believe that the German Anarchists alone, of all the parties owning that generic name in Europe, have a true representation in the Legislature.

The most amusing feature at the last elections in Paris and a few other large towns was the appearance of the working-men candidates. They had resolved to be represented in Parliament by their own set—that is to say, not by the real, industrious working-man, but by the heroes of a few platforms. So far there was no difficulty, but there was a formidable, an insurmountable one about the choice. I was present at one of their meetings. It was most amusing to see that as soon as a candidate had been duly proposed and seconded, he was immediately sat upon by the rest of the congregation. I asked my neighbor to explain such proceedings to me. His answer was satisfactory. "Why should it be *he?*" he said to me. You will understand what he meant when I have told you that on the day of the election they were all candidates. Each had one vote—his own. Each thought that he was as good as his neighbor, of course, and they would not pledge themselves to vote for one in particular, and finally they voted for journalists who advocated their claims, or even for manufacturers and land-owners. As I said elsewhere, to imagine that a nation of six millions of proprietors and twenty millions of workers is revolutionary is the height of absurdity. A nation of industrious men, who naturally wish to protect the fruits of their industry, is necessarily an eminently pacific and conservative nation, and that is just what France is.

If the French are industrious, they are not so in the same way as the English. The French never, or very seldom, allow themselves to be completely absorbed by business. They always set apart a certain portion of time to the amenities of life. They are as serious as you like at work, but in a moment they will exhibit any amount of good-humor at play, and again will resume the harness as quickly as it was thrown off. If you go into a shop at dinner-time—I speak now of the small provincial towns—you may run the risk of receiving very little attention, or even of none at all. I remember once—it was at St. Malo, in the summer—I entered a hatter's shop at one o'clock in the afternoon. A well-dressed, lady-like girl came out of the back parlor, and inquired what I wanted.

"I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," I said.

"Oh, that's very awkward just now."

"Is it?"

"Well, you see," she said, "my brother is at dinner;" and after a pause of a few seconds she added: "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?"

"Not at all," I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so."

I was not only amused, but struck with admiration for the independence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' residence in England a little scene of that description was a great treat.

An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance.

"My brother waited for you for quite ten minutes," she said to me; "he is gone to the café with a friend now."

"I am sorry for that," I said; "when can I see him?"

"If you will step across to the café, I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to you."

I thanked the young lady, went to the café, and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominoes with a friend. He asked me to allow him to finish the game, which, of course, I was only too glad to do, and we returned to the shop together.

In business the Frenchman is probity itself, as a rule, and his punctuality would almost make an Englishman smile. He may rather hamper his commerce by attention to trifles, but when he sells you something you may take it for granted it is what he represents it, for he is jealous of his good name as a tradesman or manufacturer, and likes to hear compliments of his goods. He likes the money made out of them, of course, but that is not an absorbing point with him. He is satisfied when he has made a modest fortune, and moves on to make room for another man. So that he has enough to give his never very numerous children a sound education and a good start, and procure the modest comforts of life, he is content. And this is how in France you see the good things of this world more equally divided than in England. There are few colossal fortunes, but in the provincial towns pauperism is not known as an institution, which makes up for it. I do not hesitate to affirm that not only does the small French *bourgeois* not covet wealth, but that he is almost afraid of it. He prefers comfort to luxury. He considers $1500 a year as a very snug income. When his government securities assure him this sum he knocks off work, and prepares to make himself happy and comfortable for the rest of his life.

You may well imagine how amusing it is to hear sometimes that the good fellow has the reputation of being unmanageable and revolutionary. He is so easily manageable that every time we have a new ministry he says to his neighbor, "I see M. So-and-so is made Prime-Minister; do you know who he is?" "Not I," answers the neighbor; "I had never heard his name before." And both seem to be concerned about the new ministry about as much as I am concerned about the ministerial crisis in the Sandwich Islands. He is so easily manageable that for peace' sake he will endure things that would rouse an Englishman to rebellion. He has the good fortune to live under a government that looks after him, and sees to all his little wants, which makes and sells him fire-proof cigars, matches that have "struck"—that is to say, which obstinately refuse to strike—and that keeps his public accounts and carries them to the fourth decimal, a luxury which costs him a good fourth of his revenue in *personnel* and red tape, but which saves the treasury at least half a dollar per annum. The centimes column is guaranteed exact by every government clerk in France, and thus it is that Frenchmen get consoled for the little errors which occasionally occur in the column of the millions. The Frenchman is kept in order by a legion of civilians in uniform, from the prefect down to the omnibus conductor, who takes him under his protection, demands his fare with an air of command, and sets him down at his destination as if he were a parcel. Whatever his government is he is constantly complaining of it; but the dear man ought to know that nations have the governments they deserve. He generally accuses his administration of doing too much for him. Well, he is quite right, but he does not attempt to do anything himself. As a clever writer on French manners said, "He is taken charge of, bag and baggage, by the government on his travels, and carefully looked after in his domicile as if he were a child." The man clothed in government uniform assumes that arrogant, not-to-be-questioned air which would send an Englishman or American into fits. When you appoint a new government official, it is another servant that you add to your household. When we French appoint a new government official, it is a new master that we give to ourselves to snub us or to bully us. I have an interesting illustration of this. Two young chemists (one English, the other French) were in partnership in Paris, and one day made up their minds to start afresh in Egypt. Each wrote to his consul in Cairo. The Englishman's letter ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—I am about to open business as a chemist in Cairo. Will you be good enough to tell me what are my chances of success in Egypt, and what formalities, if any, I should have to comply with before entering upon the undertaking? Yours truly, JOHN."

By return of post he received a most polite letter containing all the detailed information he wanted.

The young Frenchman wrote:

"MONSIEUR LE CONSUL-GÉNÉRAL,—I am desirous of setting up as a chemist in Cairo. Dare I hope that you will spare a few minutes of your valuable time to give me such information and advice as you may consider likely to be of use to me? With many apologies for intruding upon you, I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Consul-Général, with greatest respect, your most obedient and humble servant, JACQUES."

This letter was written four years ago. The dear fellow is still waiting for that consul's reply. Of course his English friend is now established in Cairo, comfortable and prosperous, doing a roaring trade in pills with the new protégés of her Britannic Majesty.

You may well imagine, I repeat it, how amused we French are when we hear people speak of the "revolutionary Frenchman." One hears curious stories about the French in England; and personally I may say that I have greatly improved my "knowledge" of France and her people since I have resided there.

Not long ago I was told the following anecdote: A Frenchman and an Englishman having to settle a quarrel, were locked up in a dark room. The whole night the Englishman sought to discover his French foe, but failed to do so. It appears that the Frenchman had retreated inside the chimney. Well, I am bound to say that I heard this very same anecdote in France when I was a young boy; but then, dear reader, it was the Englishman who went up the chimney.

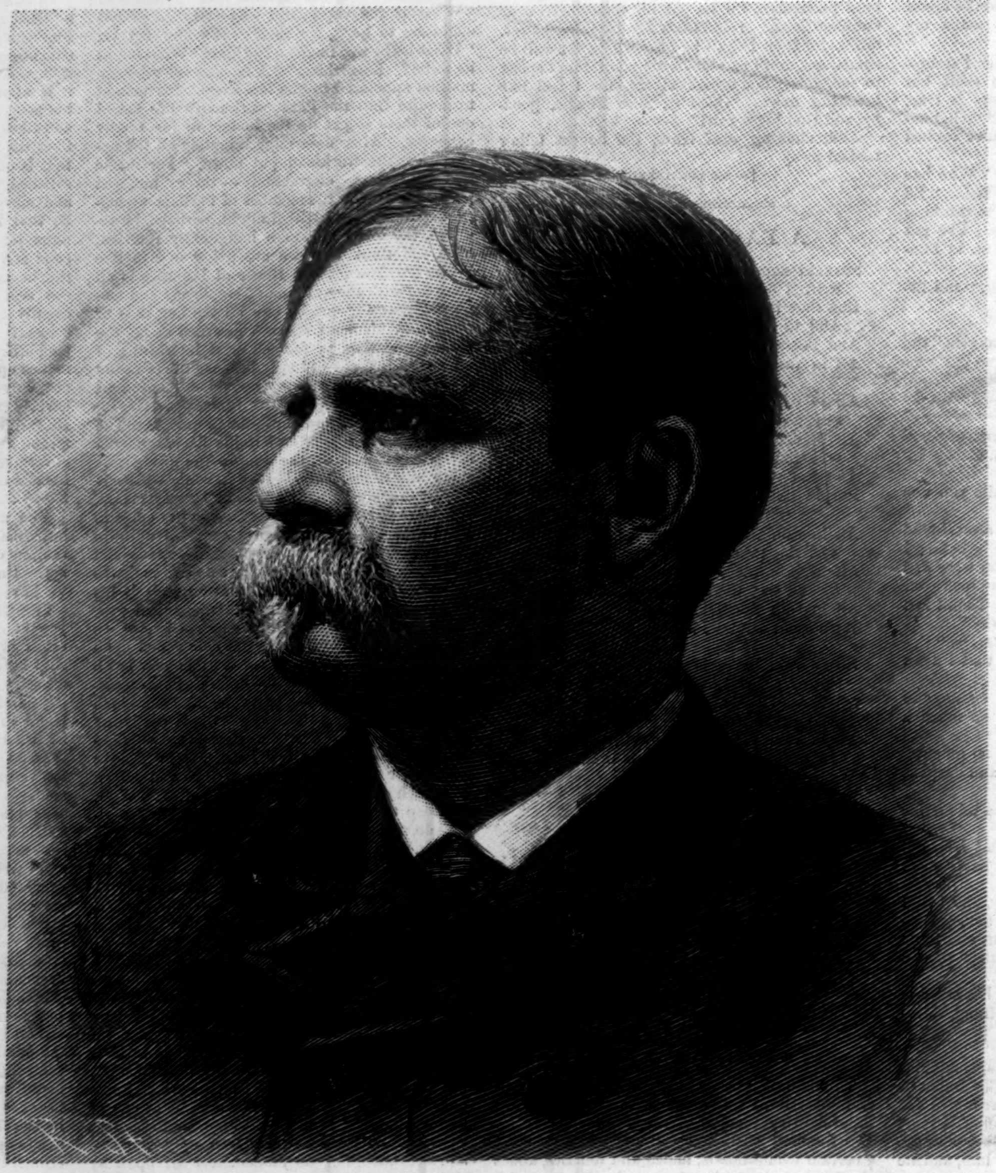
So much for international anecdotes.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, occupies a very distinctive position among the great journalists of the day. For some years he has represented, almost alone among the leading editors of the country, what is called personal journalism. As the *Tribune* in past days was Horace Greeley, as the *Times* was Henry J. Raymond, as the Albany *Journal* was Thurlow Weed, so the *Courier-Journal* has been and is Henry Watterson.

In the nineteen years that he has conducted the *Courier-Journal* it has been emphatically the vehicle of his sometimes erratic but always forceful individuality. Through it, while having little personal aptitude or even liking for "practical politics," he has made himself almost the dictator of political affairs in his State, largely so in his section, and a power in the affairs of his party in the nation.

Mr. Watterson's processes of mind belong peculiarly to that genius of which the results are perhaps not so much the product of logical thought as of intuition. They have prompted him to achievements which at the first seemed daring even to recklessness. When in 1868, very shortly after he took editorial charge of the *Courier-Journal*, he began his fight for the admission of testimony by colored people in the civil courts of Kentucky, he met almost the unanimous opposition of the State and Southern press. Up to that time negroes could only testify in the courts of the United States. In consequence Commissioners had to be appointed in almost every hamlet of the commonwealth. As a mere matter of convenience Mr. Watterson's efforts should have been seconded by the common-sense of the people. The opposition, however, was bitter and vituperative to a degree that would hardly be understood now. After a long, vigorous, and eventful struggle, the *Courier-Journal* alone carried the great reform. It was a magnificent personal triumph for the man.



HENRY WATTERSON.—From a Photograph by Falk.

In 1868 George D. Prentice's *Journal*, owing to the habits of its once brilliant editor, was almost bankrupt. The success of Mr. Walter N. Haldeman's rival paper, the *Courier*, threatened its absolute extinction. After consultation between Isham Henderson, then principal owner of the *Journal*, and Mr. Haldeman, it was resolved to consolidate the two papers. Mr. Watterson was invited to the editorial chair. He had previously obtained a great reputation throughout the South as editor of the *Rebel*, a peripatetic newspaper published at various places as Joe Johnston's army advanced or retreated. As the van of the army occupied a considerable city or town, coincidentally the *Rebel* would appear. This reputation was increased during the few years he was editor of the *Banner*. The affection for and pride of Kentuckians in Mr. Prentice was a great obstacle to Mr. Watterson when he first assumed the conduct of the consolidated newspaper. It was, of course, necessary to put Mr. Prentice in a subordinate position, and the feelings of resentment that this aroused in Louisville and in Kentucky it was some years before the new editor successfully overcame. But Mr. Prentice's popularity or force in the community were at no time approximate to the influence and popularity which Mr. Watterson subsequently achieved. This was illustrated in 1876 when he went to St. Louis as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. The majority of the Kentucky delegation was opposed to the nomination of Mr. Tilden, to whose interests Mr. Watterson was warmly attached. The other Southern delegations held back, awaiting the action of Kentucky. There was, the day before the Convention met, an excited meeting of the Kentucky delegation. It can be stated of my personal knowledge that, except for Mr. Watterson's efforts and appeal, the delegation would have voted for the nomination of General Hancock, that the other Southern States would have followed its example, and that General Hancock in all probability would have been the nominee in 1876 instead of Mr. Tilden.

Mr. Watterson was one of the famous "quadrilateral" of newspaper editors organized to secure the nomination in 1872 of Charles Francis Adams. The other members were Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, and Whitelaw Reid. They did succeed in putting the name of Horace Greeley at the head of the Democratic ticket in that campaign.

Undoubtedly to the influence of the *Courier-Journal* is largely due the "free trade" tendencies of the section through which that newspaper circulates. It was Mr. Watterson who inserted in the Democratic platform of 1880 the famous "tariff for revenue only" resolution. In the storm of animadversion that followed he made no apology, but defended the policy which the phrase represented with great vigor and earnestness. His courage as a journalist has been always in no whit behind his ability.

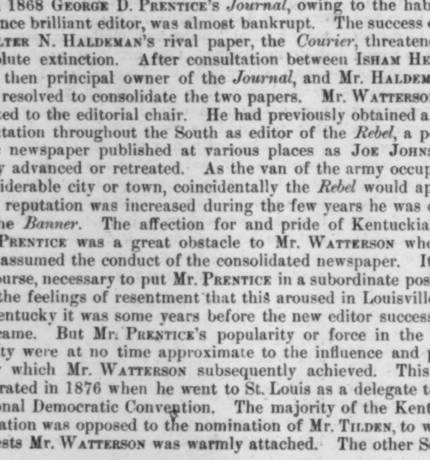
Mr. Watterson was married in 1865 to Miss Rebecca Ewing, who is a lady of great cultivation and strength of character, and who has been a valuable and valued adjunct to his success. In his family relations he is an exceptionally affectionate husband and tender father. To his friends he is sincere and serviceable. He has a peculiarly attractive and varied literary fashion, and is as facile in verse and the lighter realms of thought as he is a sledge-hammer fighter when urging reforms, social or political. Perhaps no two of her own children have done as much to give distinction to the name of Kentucky as have two of her adopted sons, Henry Clay and Henry Watterson.

Ballard Smith.

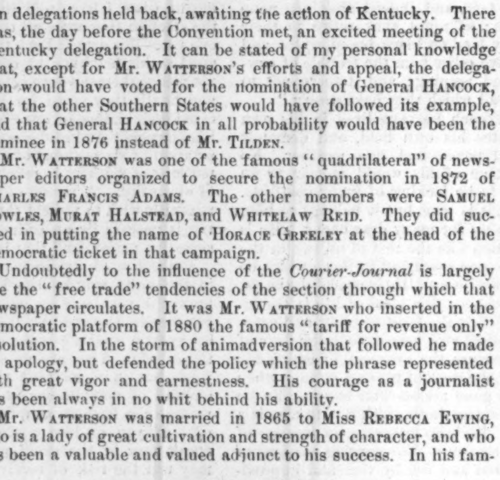
THE CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Some thirty years ago this country produced a chess emperor in the person of the clever little Paul Morphy, who came, and saw, and so generally conquered that the then chess champion, Captain Staunton, was actually afraid to meet him, and Morphy returned home chess champion of the world by implication, if not by actual victory. Morphy's triumphs, however, were won in duels with single opponents, and he was not called upon to endure the stress and strain of a long-drawn-out tournament—a test requiring, as every one who has tried it will aver, not alone chess skill, but great physical endurance and unflinching nerve. So, as before said, victorious as Morphy was, he could not be said to have conquered the chess championship of the world as that term is at present understood, and it was left to an adopted New-Yorker, Captain G. H. Mackenzie, to bear off the trophy from a field of players including, in Zuckertort and Blackburne, two ex-champions, and containing all the rising chess lights of Europe. Captain Mackenzie, whom the chess world now honors, was born in Scotland, of a good house, rather less than fifty years since, and commenced his career in the Queen's army, where he found, as many a man has found before him, that wearing the British uniform in comfort is incompatible with a moderate bank account. So Mackenzie sold his commission, and migrated to America, where the civil war gave opportunities for service and (if a man had good luck) for distinction. Mackenzie's service under the gridiron was very creditable to him, and he wrought himself forward to the rank of Captain, and when Appomattox ended chances for further advancement he found himself adrift on the troubled waters of American life. From his youth upward he had been a chess-player, and as the game, after its wont, took more and more possession of his faculties, the brilliant amateur became in natural sequence a brilliant professional, and earned his living by match play and giving instruction in the game. Possessed in good measure of that combination of the analytic and poetic or imaginative faculties which makes men artists, mathematicians, and chess-players, Captain Mackenzie soon became known to the chess world as a very formidable antagonist.

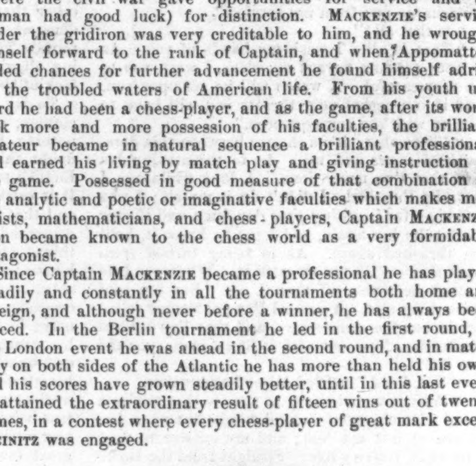
Since Captain Mackenzie became a professional he has played steadily and constantly in all the tournaments both home and foreign, and although never before a winner, he has always been placed. In the Berlin tournament he led in the first round, in the London event he was ahead in the second round, and in match play on both sides of the Atlantic he has more than held his own, and his scores have grown steadily better, until in this last event he attained the extraordinary result of fifteen wins out of twenty games, in a contest where every chess-player of great mark except Steinitz was engaged.



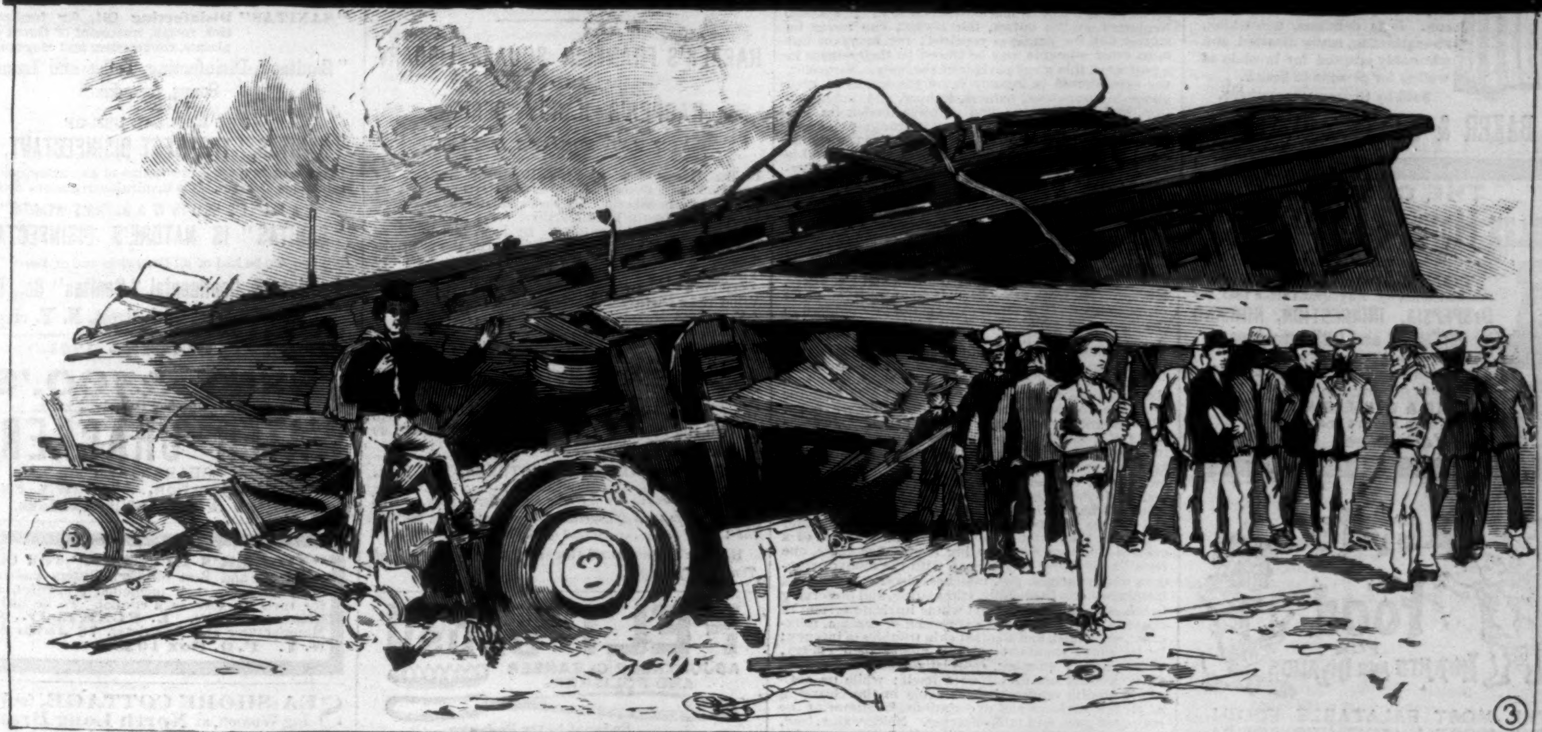
MICHAEL NIKEPHOROVITCH KATKOFF.
[See Page 595.]



CAPTAIN MACKENZIE, CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Richardson Brothers, Brooklyn.



ELI WHITNEY, INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN.
[See Page 595.]



THE ILLINOIS RAILROAD DISASTER—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE WRECK.—From Photographs by J. Sawyer, Peoria.—[See Page 595.]

1. View from the Top of the Wreck. 2. Good Samaritans caring for the Wounded. 3. Looking from the Front of the Wreck.

LOADING A VESSEL AT NIGHT.

In another place in this issue of the Weekly we give a scene which not many years ago would have been a novelty and a surprise, but which is now by no means uncommon. Such a scene may be witnessed frequently on the docks of any of the great Atlantic steam-ship lines—the Cunard, the Anchor, the Inman, the White Star, the Williams & Guion, and probably most frequently of all on the National Line, which is more largely devoted to freight than any of the others. Nor is such a scene uncommon on the docks of some of our steam-ship lines which carry merchandise to and from Cuba, the Isthmus, and the South American ports.

The scene is the loading of one of the big steam-ships at night. The light is so managed in both pictures as to reveal to us only dimly and indistinctly the dock, the ship itself, and even the derrick, but at the same time to bring out in broad relief the men and their work. In one picture a huge box swung over the hatchway is just beginning its descent toward the hold. Three men stand by. They have seen the box safely past the edge of the deck, and fairly on its way. The faces are very expressive and life-like. A realistic tone is given to the picture by the attitude of one of the men, who is bending forward, his hand over his eyes, and piercing into the dark depth below, as if to see that the descending box goes safely to its destination.

In the other picture we have the scene from below. There are five men visible. A lamp is seen in a corner, and in its neighborhood one of the men seems to be stowing away boxes already lowered. The other four are standing around, close to the hatchway, their eyes fixed on the descending box, three of them with their hands already raised, as if impatient to steady it and bring it to the floor in safety. The critical eye will observe the difference of expression on the countenances of the men in this group, and will note how attitude and expression harmonize and fit the situation.

A HEALTHY STOMACH

Is a blessing for which thousands of our dyspeptic countrymen and women sigh in vain, and to obtain which swallow much medicine unavailingly. For no ailment—probably—are there so many alleged remedies as for dyspepsia. The man of humbug is constantly glutted with the dollars and dimes of those who resort to one nostrum after another in the vain hope of obtaining relief, at least, from this vexatious and obstinate malady. Experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of eradicating dyspepsia, in which a firm reliance can be placed. No remedy has in three decades and over established such a reputation, none has received such unqualified professional sanction. It is an admirable invigorant, because it enriches the blood, and not only this, but it thoroughly regulates the bowels, kidneys, and bladder. The nervous symptoms are usually relieved by the medicine.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE BABY'S SKIN.

AN UNBLEMISHED SKIN THE CHARM OF BABYHOOD.

INTERESTING FACTS RELATING TO THE HEALTH AND BEAUTY OF THE SKIN.

"Happy the parents of so fair a child."
Taming of the Shrew.

Since the beginning of things the world has been ready to acknowledge the baby's charm, and men have been moved by even more knightly reverence for the little child than for the beautiful woman. When Maria Theresa held up her baby to the wild Hungarian lords, and bade them behold their king, they accorded the child a homage which they might have refused to the great queen herself, for by virtue of his infancy alone he wore "upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty." In looking at the likenesses of the Cæsars, among them all Robert Browning lingers only upon

"A baby face, with violets there,
Violets, instead of laurels, in the hair,
As those were all the little locks could bear,"

the purple splendor of mighty monarchs fading before the baby's smile. The whole story of sacred art, moreover, shows the power of the young child to move the heart with its tenderness, its helplessness, and its beauty, and the picture of the Holy Babe with his limpid gaze, his rosy flesh, his absolute innocence, repeated in every form of fact or fancy, has been a tremendous element in the life of the Church.

But, in all these instances, the supposition is that the baby is perfect in form and feature, and of the unblemished skin which is the essential charm of babyhood.

"Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose,"

cries Constance to her little son, Prince Arthur. And what mother, looking at her baby, does not unconsciously echo the hapless queen, if the baby has any of the wholesomeness that should be his birthright? Every mother's baby is the ideal baby, the heir of all the ages, the thing for which the world has waited, and to whose existence everything has tended. What she suffers when she sees this wondrous child varying from perfection, developing its teething humors or its inherited skin diseases, only those can say who as mothers themselves have shared the ordeal.

When the skin, that should be soft and sweet as a flower-petal, becomes scaly with disgusting scurf; when the skin, that should wear over its lustre the veiling bloom which the wild plum wears, becomes red with a cruel rash; when the skin, that should be smooth and downy as a peach, becomes rough with scabs and sores whose itching and irritation rob the little victim of rest and sleep and appetite, torturing the child into fever, and the mother into horrid apprehension; when this or any part of it happens, then the mother sees that after all her baby is not the ideal baby, and looks about her in desperation for a remedy, while every other mother fears for her own, and asks with equal ardor for a preventive. For what came to Lilith, the first wife of Adam, in the old Talmudical story, when she saw her fair little first baby darken into a demon; what came to Heise, in the Anglo-Saxon legend, as the wehr-wolf began to take possession of the body of her baby; what befell the mother in primitive New England when she found her child the changeling of a witch, come, only in a lesser degree, to every mother in actual life when she sees her darling suffering and blemished and disfigured in his tender skin.

It is like a boon to these afflicted and anxious mothers that the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap has been added to our blessings. For by its use, as by that of no other intermedium, the mother is enabled to cleanse the skin of her child, to open its pores, to prevent contagion, to destroy parasites, and to avert disease. So wonderful a part of the structure is the skin, with its innumerable millions of pores and capillaries conducting to the surface and shedding the refuse and morbid matter constantly forming, that unless perfect health is secured to it, perfect health can be had nowhere else in the system. Neglected at the outset, the neglect can never be atoned nor the damages repaired; for many of our most cruel ailments may be traced to their source in a neglect of this great purifier of the body. Moreover, the skin abused in infancy bears the marks of such abuse in roughness, redness, itching, and inflammation, moles, and warts, and eruptive tendencies forever. The baby whose skin is not thoroughly cleansed is a thing to make one shudder as much as the wholesome baby is to make one glad; and such a child is not only the natural prey to every cutaneous disorder, but to every zymotic disease as well. If the channels and outlets of the secretory province of the skin are kept in thorough cleanliness, the child over whom hangs the possibility of hereditary scrofula is far less liable to it, and the disease may be kept long in abeyance; while the comfort and happiness of the child are apparent through good-nature, if the fat wrinkles of the neck, the folds behind the ears and elsewhere, are kept free from every deposit from perspiration or other sources. Too much care cannot be exercised in regard to the agent that is to accomplish this, the purity of the water, the gently stimulating but thoroughly cleansing, disinfecting, and remedial quality of the soap.

Thus it may be seen what reason those who love their children and those who love their race have for gratitude to the discoverer of the Cuticura Soap. This remarkable soap unites, with the detergent properties of a faultless soap, flower-odors of never-failing freshness, and medicaments drawn from Cuticura, precious as the balm of the Old Testament. Remembering the value of balm and nard and cassia, and of all the ancient aids to the bath—a pint of ointment costing in the old days more than one hundred and seventy dollars—and seeing a softer and healthier skin than the ancients had, attainable by means of a cake of Cuticura Soap costing twenty-five cents, one feels like classing such a soap with the modern wonders which include gas, matches, electric lights, and telephones. So freshening, stimulating, and preserving is this soap, quickening the whole intricate system of the skin, that it defies the approach of eczema, milk-crust, scall-head, and all other skin troubles of infancy; by its suave emollient work it abates their energy, where already existing, especially when assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura itself; while its antiseptic quality renders it invaluable in the cleansing of all raw surfaces and excoriations, in humor of the scalp, red-gum, and milk-blotches. Neither zinc, lead, mercury, arsenic, or any metallic, mineral, or vegetable poison, or caustic contributes to it. It dissolves the waste clogging the pores, removes scurf, soothes inflammation, allays irritation, wipes out blemishes, and brings the baby's skin to a condition of health, from which results a fairness "in whose comparison all whites are ink!"

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It is the "little things" of life
Which cause the trouble and the strife;
It is the "little things" as well,
That oftenest our griefs dispel.
SHAVING is but a "little thing"
Yet Some account it torturing.
Before you Shave yourself again
A "WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK" obtain,
And prove the Fact that they who Shave,
In "little things" much comfort have.

Ask your Druggist for Williams' Shaving Stick, or send 25cts., in Stamps and receive it by mail post-paid. Address, THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

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